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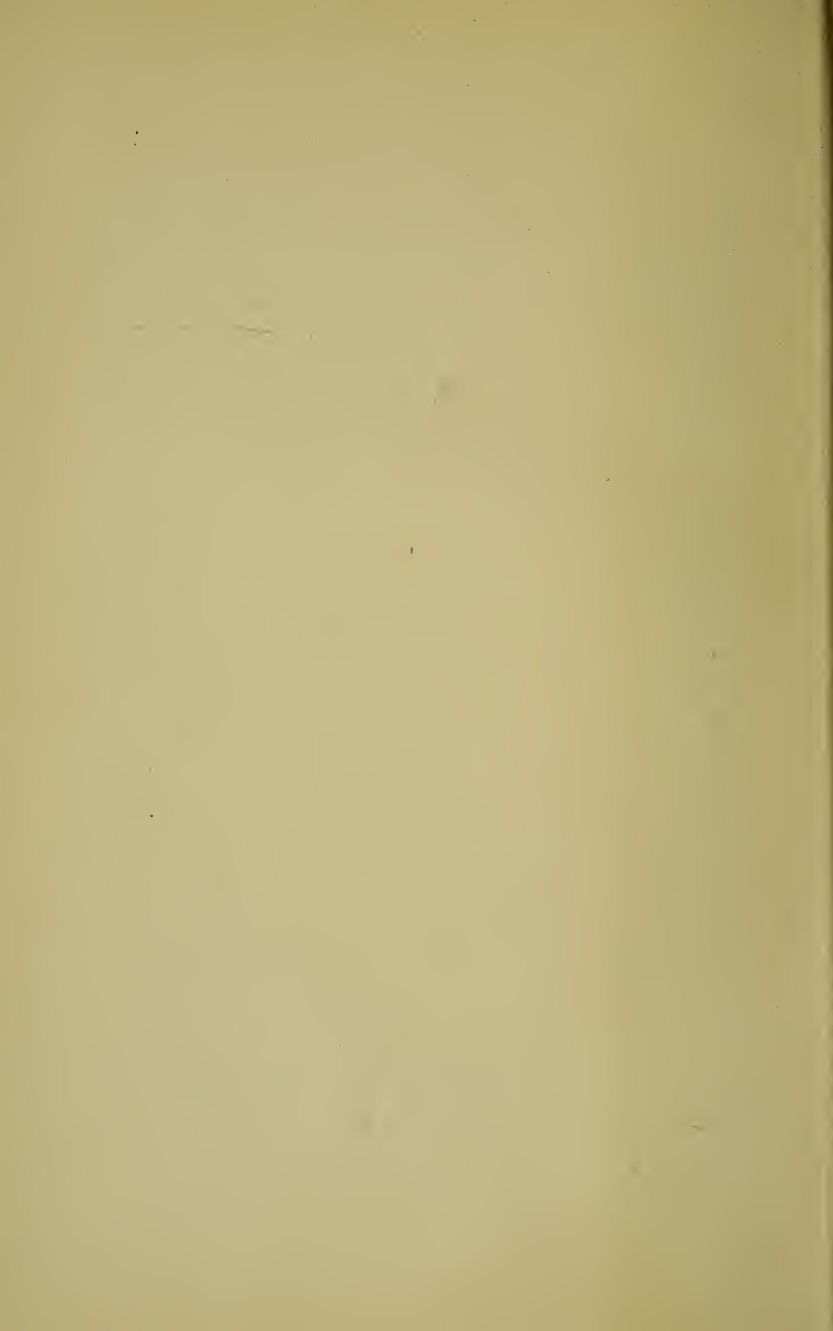
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RIO DE JANEIRO



ONE WAY ROUND
SOUTH AMERICA





CROSSING THE ANDES, USPALLATA PASS

ONE WAY ROUND SOUTH AMERICA

From Manuscript, Notes and Letters of
DELIGHT SWEETSER PRENTISS

Author of
One Way Round the World

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Private Edition

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"GRAVE ON THY HEART
EACH PAST RED-LETTER DAY;
FORGET NOT ALL
THE SUNSHINE OF THE WAY."

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ONE WAY ROUND
SOUTH AMERICA

ONE WAY ROUND SOUTH AMERICA

CHAPTER I

THE START BY FREIGHT SHIP

New York was delightfully gay and smiling during the few days that we spent there before sailing away on our big loop round South America via Europe. After all it is hard to find an avenue more charming than Fifth, or a thoroughfare more interesting than Broadway. Or is it affection for them makes one think so? We need not leave the United States for the wonderful, the beautiful, or the thrilling. Each country is interesting in its own way, and ours has such varied interests.

We fortified ourselves for foreign things to come by seeing Bernhardt in *L' Aiglon* and John Hare in *The Gay Lord Quex*; the former an impressive presentation in Rostand's beautiful facile verse of the pathetic career of the delicate un-

happy child of the great Napoleon; the latter the well-played but unpleasant comedy of present-day English life.

Our freight ship chose to sail in the early morning, so we went aboard at night after the theater, a curious sort of time to go to sea. The wind blew fresh and the stars shone bright as we crossed the ferry, a favorable omen it seemed to us for our long journey. It was unkind of fate, was it not, to start us away from so unromantic a quarter as Hoboken, we two honeymooners? Hoboken does not sound well, and we dwelt in preference on the aristocratic title of our steamship, the *Patricia*.

Once on the dock the very atmosphere was changed and we sniffed a foreign breeze. German vocables filled the air. As we trotted helplessly along after the rotund individual who had secured our hand baggage and taken us in charge, a portly official with a star on his coat stepped up and accosted F—, who was smoking. "Make dot light out," he said. Beyond a doubt he belonged to the Fatherland. Our travels had begun.

The Patricia, long may she float! takes a leisurely ten days to make the journey from New York to Cherbourg and leaves it to the greyhounds to break records. She is slow, to be sure, but steady and full of the excellent qualities that the slow-going and easy often possess. The Patricia is almost, if not quite, as large as the best passenger steamers, but broader and steadier and with much more commodious cabins, too, so that she is a joy to all and a comfort to those who suffer, as Mrs. Partington expressed it, from that terrible "nashua." Our state-room proved to be large, nearly big enough to swing a kitten in, if not a full-sized cat, with a lounge, closet, drawers, and hooks, and handy pockets in all the available space. On the lounge we found letters, telegrams, papers and packages, making us realize that we were off for foreign shores and these were the tender good-bys of thoughtful friends. It is so sweet to be remembered, and every time I opened a letter I made a fresh resolve to do the same thing for the first friend leaving New York.

This crossing the Atlantic on a freighter is an experiment indeed for us. F— says it is an inspira-

tion of mine, and it does seem to be promising. From the genial captain, big and jolly, whose sonorous "Ja" and hearty laugh often resound among the passengers, down to the last steward, there was the same desire to add to the passengers' pleasure, to make all the days at sea happy ones. I must tell you that the big captain's favorite pet is a tiny canary bird in his cabin. It makes me think of my far-away Peterkin, though 'tis not so sweet a singer. What fun we had at the captain's dinner, with speeches and toasts, what hearty good will toward all! Incidentally we enjoyed the fine German cooking and did complete justice to that crowning dainty peculiar to special ship dinners, the softly illuminated ice-cream. The jests, the gay laughter, and all the leisurely luxuries that go so well with ocean travel on a freight ship were ours.

There is probably no place in the world where people associate in quite the same relation as they do on shipboard. A turn of Providence, or Fate, as you will, throws a company of people from the four quarters of the globe together for a season and isolates them completely from the

outer world. They impart information, learn from one another, excite a mutual interest, and then pass on in their different directions with hardly a likelihood that they will meet again. Their lives are tangent thereafter and affect one another no more. Do you ever think of the great company of those whom you are destined to meet as you journey through life, those whose paths are bearing toward yours, some perhaps yet unborn, who will finally play a part more or less important in your life, possibly all important?

Of good company on our ship there was no lack,—a varied collection of people of whom it might be interesting to tell. When I speak of good company my pen flies to the notable name of Mr. Poultney Bigelow, traveler and writer, toastmaster and prince of good fellows. He is devoted to his sweet young daughter, calling her Babby, while she calls him Popsy, and their comradeship is very pretty to see. As the Japanese would say, “He is an *Ich-Ban* (number one) dancer,” and when I told him so he said the compliment reminded him of a place in Japan they called “Throw Away Brush.” A noted Japanese

artist once came there, looked about at the incomparable scenery, then threw his brushes away in despair. But, oh! how I wished I had read something by Mr. Bigelow, as F. F. P— has!

There was Mrs. M—, an American married to a major in the German army, whose life in Germany has been a most interesting one, and her sister Miss B—, a rose of a girl, a real American beauty. A lieutenant of the United States Navy sits beside her at the table, and his position seems fraught with danger of another sort than that threatening him when he was on the Concord in the battle of Manila.

The mother of the five *Kinder* all in a row over at the other table proved to be a Russian, a Mrs. Petroff from St. Petersburg, who had been living the past two and a half years in Philadelphia, while the father inspected the construction of some Russian men-of-war that were building in the Cramp shipyards. The cunning little folks have odd Russian names. Vasilie, the smallest, has not learned Russian yet, and the other night, when the ship rolled most, he said, "I don't like this house any more. I want to go outside."

There was Mrs. C—, fine daughter of a fine father, who carries the charm of the cultivated, cosmopolitan side of Washington about with her, and Felix, truly a dear boy, so bright and attractive. Felix sold his bicycle for a dollar before leaving Washington and bought an Ingersoll watch. The changing of ship time twice a day just suited him and he spent a good deal of time regulating that watch.

There was a trained nurse from San Francisco on her way to Spain, where she was again to have the care of a Spanish nobleman who was nursed by her some years ago while he was in San Francisco. How easy to weave a pretty romance out of this adaptable material! Blessed be sentiment and the undying romances of the heart! Who would banish these sweet fancies?

It was the second day out that I asked a bit of a man in a red tam-o'-shanter where he lived. I learned afterward that he had been homesick in the morning, so my question was unfortunate. A solemn expression settled on his round little face, and, pointing a fat finger back over the stern of the ship, with quivering lip, he said, "I

live that way." It was only after a consultation with his mother that he was able to tell me that he lived in "our house" in Minneapolis. When we sail away from home, I think we all have a rather solemn feeling at the bottom of our hearts that we live "that way."

Then there were Germans, men with families and without, who have lived in Mexico, in Central and South America, everywhere that a business opportunity could be found, as the progressive Germans have a way of doing.

At one table was a group of horsemen, owners, managers, and drivers, who were taking a string of eighteen American-bred trotters over to Vienna, all of them valuable and able to go at a pretty clip, the least valuable worth fifteen hundred dollars. Contralto, 2:09 3-4, is worth six thousand five hundred dollars, and the horses are not insured, rates being so high. It was one of our daily pleasures to go down with the children to see the horses, and feed them carrots and sugar. They had a place forward on the main deck, and were beautifully cared for, as thoroughbreds should be. None of them suf-

ferred severely from seasickness, though I fancied they all wore a wondering, disturbed expression, as if they couldn't understand what it all meant: this queer motion in the floor and the occasional smart slap of a wave against the port-hole. Horses get very tired during a voyage, and must have a good rest afterward. I was surprised to learn that some of them are so discomposed by the unusual conditions that they refuse to lie down during the entire voyage, so their poor legs are quite worn out in the struggle for equilibrium.

We had all sorts of weather, storms and sunshine; the sea like a mill-pond to-day, to-morrow with big rolling waves; but we are all of the opinion that the *Patricia* is remarkably steady, though our slow progress would certainly give *pater familias* the fidgets.

The night we came into Plymouth there was a cry all over the ship, "The Deutschland! The Deutschland!" We all rushed up on deck, of course, to satisfy our ten days' accumulated curiosity. At a little distance to port we could see the big ship, now queen of the Atlantic, which had run from New York to Plymouth in five days,

seven hours and thirty-five minutes. Oh, how pretty she was! Her black hull was lost against the inky sky and water but her shape was outlined by hundreds of twinkling lights; a shining phantom ship she was, a pretty vision that sped swiftly along and soon left us behind. The Deutschland had sailed from New York three days later than we and went into Plymouth ahead of us! For a moment we slow-going folk felt a bit humiliated by such a display of speed, but soon thought better of it and congratulated ourselves when we heard that the Deutschland had rolled and pitched heavily in the same sea that we had taken so quietly.

The lights of Plymouth shone dimly through a drizzly rain. How like England to be damp and rainy! I suppose such a reception would have warmed an Englishman's heart and made him feel delightfully at home again.

It is nine o'clock P. M. as I write, and these awful Germans are getting ready for another meal. I hear the dishes rattling.

CHAPTER II

PARIS, THE BEAUTIFUL

An Indiana philosopher says, "If any man believes this world isn't a sad place, let him eat breakfast early at a restaurant of a rainy morning." The world at any place and in any weather saddens me at half-past five in the morning. At daybreak we were at Cherbourg. It is a strange, lonesome world when one crawls out of bed in the early morning, but it was delightful to find a number of our genial company up at that hour to see us off, a compliment I shall always treasure. After many good-bys and good wishes we crawled down the gang-plank to the tender that was to carry us ashore. The last thing I saw as we moved away was Felix, dear little fellow, running out to the stern, and then the faint flutter of his handkerchief. Several times we looked affectionately back at the good Patricia, whose screws were already turning. The sky had taken

on the bluish tint of sunrise and a band of coral pink lay along the horizon at the west, above which hung a shining crescent and the bright morning star. How like England to give us a foggy reception, and how like France to be clear and sunny!

The custom officers were complacent, and we were soon free to depart for the station, bag and baggage. We peeped eagerly out of the rattling omnibus. As a little German girl said, "Oh, it is so nice to see a little land!" There were the poke-bonnet roofs, the foreign signboards, the early morning street-people slipping about in sabots, the blue unbelted blouses and roomy trousers of the workingmen, the pagoda-like little buildings decorated with newspapers and magazines, the horses so amusingly far ahead of the big-wheeled heavy carts—everything that is France! Against the now bright sky we could see the outlines of an old fort high up on a noble hill where it must command a magnificent view of the sea. In the square in front of the station, companies of soldiers were drilling in a manner warranted to give a good appetite for breakfast.

Though 'twas December, Normandy looked as it does in our early spring. The flower venders were offering fragrant bunches of lilacs, and the fields were brilliant with green. The moist sea air fosters all growing things. The farm-houses and the fertile, well-cultivated country are a never-ending delight. Everything is old, old, old. The fathers and the grandfathers and the great-grandfathers must have lived in these same quaint houses with low side walls and sloping thatched roofs that droop over them. In the yards are curious flattened fruit trees that are trained against the walls like a vine. The orchards are venerable and hoary. Their gnarled, twisted limbs are covered with gray feathery moss, and in the branches hang round bunches of pale mistletoe that look like big green thistles in an airy perch. Many of the trees have their trunks entirely hung with green vines. The villages that nestle under the hills, with their buff walls and heavy red-tiled roofs, look quaint and interesting. For a bit of bright color you must look at the plump rosy cheeks of the white-capped Normandy peasant girls. At dusk we arrived in

Paris, the beautiful. The wonderful, fascinating, matchless Paris! I love it.

You know on what light wings time flies when one is in Paris! Even with F— away on business in London, Berlin and St. Petersburg and only back for a few days at a time, a month has slipped away. Christmas has come and gone, not like the Christmas at home, where we would like to be, but our very first Christmas together, and we enjoyed it in the French style. We celebrated the *Reveillon* (Christmas eve) walking about in the brilliant boulevards, having supper at a café and coming in at two o'clock in the morning! At that hour the boulevards are as gay and full as they are in the early evening, and the cafés ablaze with lights and brilliant toilets. We wanted to attend midnight mass at the Madeleine, and planned to reach the church at 11:15. We were there right on the dot, but found the church dark and a great crowd outside. "It has been full the past hour," an agent of police told us! One of my precious gifts was a tiny fiddle-de-dee of a pistol about an inch and a half long that really shoots with a large-sized report. It's the cun-

ningest of all my miniature treasures, and has quite captured my heart.

The New Year's reception at the Ambassador's in his beautiful hotel was stunning. It was formerly the residence of Baron Spitzer, a collector of note. The collections are now gone, but the interesting wall-decorations remain. About a dozen rooms were thrown open to the guests, and I had the felicity of renewing acquaintance with some old friends and meeting new and charming people, American, French and Russian. A niece of Rosa Bonheur told me the story of the curious will, of which you have read, no doubt, that the famous, eccentric old artist left, and how, rather than drag the affair through the courts, they compromised by yielding one-half of Mademoiselle Bonheur's considerable fortune to the new-found favorite.

I have been bubbling over with pleasure at getting back to Paris, and F— says teasingly he has never enjoyed himself so well, having some one along now to talk back to these reprobate *cochers*, whose manners are so bad and whose vehicles are so shabby. We drew a particularly surly one

the other day, who either didn't know or didn't want to know our destination, but I settled him by stopping for a conference with the agent of the police. After that he went along quite meekly. After all, Americans ought not to quarrel much with the cab-men who will take them from one end of Paris to the other for the bagatelle of thirty cents, a franc and a half. There have been many changes in Paris and some improvements that we note. The handsome new Pont Alexandre is beautiful, probably the finest bridge in the world, with its artistic green bronze lanterns, its gilded groups of statuary, built the year of the Exposition in honor of the czar. How well the French do these things, how inimitable their touch! The public buildings of Paris always seem to get into good hands. We had a spin on the new underground electric railway, and found it a great convenience, though not yet completed to its full extent.

The Comédie Française smells heavily of fresh paint, but we saw a charming play there that was entirely free from the intrigues that are the nauseating feature of so many French plays.

Being quite proper, there were a great many sweet young French girls in the audience. Are not all young girls sweet, a joy to the world? It does one's ears good to hear such perfect French and one's eyes good to see such perfect acting as one finds at the Comédie.

The other day we took a runabout automobile, the best vehicle yet for seeing the sights, went by the Champs-Élysées to the Bois and through to St. Cloud, up to the old Palace garden, then back on the other side of the Seine, all at a ripping speed. The sun was shining bright and I was delighted to see the old familiar places again, though wishing a hundred times for some other dear friends to share our pleasure with us.

We have revisited our first meeting place at Madame's in the dim old Victor Hugo drawing-room opening into the author's little garden, and have recalled the gay evening thereafter, with all the family together at the Folie Bergere and our discovery of Mr. H— in the box next to ours, whom we had last seen in Hong Kong. We went round to see if my old friend, Madame le Crosnier, of Avenue Wagram, still lived. I asked

the *concierge* about her and held my breath till she said, "*Oui, Madame est chez elle,*" then ran up the steps with the odd feeling one has in returning to a place long ago familiar.

Madame was in the salon, knew me instantly, and was surprised and pleased to see me. She is just the same quick-witted, clever, wonderful old lady—eighty-three now—only a little more deaf. "I miss hearing such a lot of nonsense," she said. "But you," in her brusque and funny way, "it does me good to hear you talk. You have sense enough to speak slowly and distinctly." She told me sadly that her old age is full of heavy burdens and she is weary of life. She quoted from the Bible the allotment of three-score-years-and-ten and the sorrow that comes thereafter. I felt a great sympathy for her, though she is no weak-kneed complainer, and made me laugh a dozen times with her sharp speeches. Once, on the subject of massage she said, "I hate to be pawed." She mistook F— for a clergyman, which amused him mightily.

I went again to the Bon Marché and found it jammed with shoppers, a confusion approaching

pandemonium, and I made a vow never to put my nose in a big store again, but hereafter go to the smaller shops and cheerfully pay their extra price. (F— and I have made the embarrassing discovery that most of the French hose are not long enough in the feet for us!) Together we dropped into the Opéra one evening to see the ballet and last act of *Samson and Delilah*. It was pleasant to be there again, but oh, the disillusionment of years is coming, and the Opéra was not the enchanting place it seemed when first I saw it! Poor Ruskin, I begin to realize how, as he grew older, his judgment and knowledge grew, and things became less and less perfect to him. Don't you remember when we were in Venice how we used to be irritated by his criticisms? I shall consider his experience a warning, and not learn so much of art or anything as to take away my pleasure. In these days of uncertain art standards, when "What is art?" is a moot question, when error follows error and certainty is never reached, perhaps, as Josh Billings says, "It's better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so."

We went to the Hotel Drouot, where I have always wanted to go, a bee-hive of a place, swarming with people interested in the sales conducted in the *salles*. It was fun to bid, and I had knocked down to me a small shell box with a sweet old ivory miniature in the lid for twenty-four francs, worth all of that, no doubt. I would never have the patience to poke round in the Hotel Drouot to unearth whatever treasures there may be from the piles of rubbish. Even the products of the fine workers of the world are bewildering and wearisome when in such enormous heaps. The number of curio and antique shops in this town is amazing. The fad is now at fever height, but I am already tired of their good, bad and indifferent stuff, and never stop to look in their windows as I did of yore. The rage for *art nouveau* is more interesting as evidenced in original and artistic jewelry, porcelain and glass. Some of the furniture, too, is not bad. Perhaps it is well to approve of some modish things, clothes, for instance, whether they are really pretty or not.

I have had some large-sized regrets and been

a little lonesome at times with F— away, especially when going over the ground trod before with dear ones, but I prefer being alone to having poor company,—so I try to be consoled. When I pass the clocks of the Herald office, Avenue de l'Opéra, I look at Chicago time and wonder what the home folks are doing at that moment. When I see the scrumptious jewelry in the Rue de la Paix, I sigh for my girl friends to Oh! and Ah! with me.

What do you think has happened? Nothing more nor less than an addition to our family in the shape of a typewriter, an American machine sold here under a French name, the Dactile—weighs but six pounds and fits into a small case. F— decided he couldn't keep house any longer without one, so here it is. He thumps away at it as pleased as a child with a new toy, and I haven't been able to get him away from it since it came. His first essay was a letter to me that took him three hours, and we shrieked with laughter over his struggles to express tender sentiments.

The weather here is cold, cold, and you know how these economical French never will burn

enough fuel to keep a house comfortable, so it is only in my cozy room that I am ever warm, and that at two francs fifty per bushel for coal. I have been digging away at my Spanish again, four lessons a week, with some French history between times. The professor, a handsome Spaniard of sixty years, who fills the room with his gestures and strides about as he teaches, pays me all sorts of compliments on my accent and "*facilidad*," and I am to have an opportunity to practise in the mother country before I try my Spanish on the South Americans, for we have decided to go via Madrid, Granada, Seville and Toledo to Lisbon, and there take the English steamship, Thames, which sails from Southampton for Rio de Janeiro.

How fortunate I am to have this journey into unknown lands, this new field for eager travelers, this country too little known. I hear that Pernambuco, Bahia and Rio are hot, hotter, hottest. Only a sheet of tissue paper between them and an unmentionable place, as they say of Aden. Won't it seem strange to plunge from winter into midsummer?

CHAPTER III

SOUTHWARD THROUGH SPAIN

The train *de luxe* from Paris to Bordeaux, said to make the fastest run in the world, carried us away from a handsome new station at the Quay d'Orsay toward the south. This train *de luxe* is sadly expensive, and is luxurious by contrast only. It would not answer the demands in our country, but the sleepers and dining-cars are fair, and I suppose the unhappy French may be reconciled to paying fourteen dollars for an indifferent night's rest. Considerable effort has been wasted on the red plush and leather upholstery, as in our own unsanitary and ugly Pullman sleepers. This time we fell victims to the charms of Touraine, another delightful province of France, with its rows of stately Lombardy poplars, its orchards only a shade less venerable and moss-grown than those of the north, the carefully-trimmed trees that border the pleasant water-

ways, the soft shades of gray and buff and brown of their boles, like the lichens that cling to the rocks. Orléans, with its fine cathedral rising high above the town, was enticing. And Poitiers, oh, what a quaint, fascinating city, zigzagging up and down the sides and running along the crest of two spurs which overhang the river, red-roofed and picturesque to a degree! We have promised ourselves to come again to Poitiers and wander at leisure through its curious streets. Alas, the world is so big and we must leave so much unseen to the right and left as we journey through it! Rural France is delightful even to those who like nature best in its wild, untrained state; the order, the care, the neatness, the study that has been made of every variation of the earth's surface, the trimming of every branch and twig to make all symmetrical and fruitful, are admirable.

The train we took from Biarritz to St. Sebastian was a perfect joke. It showed the least haste of any train I have ever met, stopping everywhere, apparently, though we didn't much mind, for the views from the car windows were pleasing as we wound among the low spurs of the

Pyrenees that run out to the ocean. At Irún, the frontier, I first tried my lately-acquired Spanish on the Spaniards, and ordered a chicken sandwich from a waiter without injuring him,—even, I fancied, with credit to myself. Oh, this affair of languages, what a comedy it is, sometimes akin to tragedy!

F— says that for years he has wanted to see Spain and has anticipated its wonders, has pictured in his mind the lofty Pyrenees, the semi-tropical vegetation, the picturesque costumes of the men, the beautiful dark-eyed women, the far-famed Prado, the famous Madrid itself, to say nothing of galleries, ruins and old castles. He expected to find all these just as he had treasured them in mind for many years, ever since studying their history in a school and, a little later, reading of the country which, some four hundred years ago, was one of the most famous and influential in the universe, really mistress of the world. The time of year, of course, is bad, the tour too brief, too small a part of the country is seen, and yet he feels that his dream has vanished, and he is greatly disappointed.

Our first stop on Spanish soil was at Gainchurisqueta, which sounds larger and more important than it looks. At St. Sebastian we began to see dark-mustachioed men walking about in long capes, the type of Spaniard who plays the heavy villain in melodrama. The Plaza del Toro, or Spanish bull-ring, that objectionable but national institution, we now saw for the first time. To what can I compare it? Imagine one of our huge oil-tanks, or city gas retorts, painted in gay colors of red, yellow and black, pierced with regularly recurring arches for entrance, then unroof it and seat it in amphitheater fashion, inclose the center by a railing, and you have a present-day bull-ring. A more classic comparison would be the Roman Colosseum, of which it is evidently an evolution. We did not have an opportunity to see the cruel sport in Spain, even if we had wished, for the best bull-fighting has a regular season, beginning in the spring and lasting until late in the fall. There was advertised, however, a special fight at Madrid for a certain feast day soon. The nipping, frosty January weather made the thought of an afternoon in the

open air anything but alluring, but I suppose the devotees of bull-fighting are like our football enthusiasts and never mind the weather. It just depends on one's bringing-up as to a taste for either.

The Iberian peninsula is so effectually separated by mountains from the rest of Europe as to give rise to the French proverb, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees."

We crossed the Pyrenees near the coast, so of course did not see them towering up to the blue dome of heaven, the summits beyond the reach of the naked eye—as they should have been! The railroad climbs up some four thousand five hundred feet to the pass and affords a number of fine views, but nothing remarkable. Immediately upon descending to the Spanish side you are on a rocky, treeless plateau, then a sandy, treeless plateau—dreary miles and miles of it—clear to Madrid.

We wanted to see the country, so stopped at Burgos for the night. We reached there at ten P. M. on a beautiful, clear, moonlight night. As we were to depart at half after five the next

morning, we went right down and saw the famous cathedral by a silver moon that was nearly full. It was built in twelve hundred and something, and so was the grand gate, I suppose, and the wall, and possibly some of the many buildings that cluster about and nearly hide it from view; everything, I believe, but the imposing front and beautiful spires. 'Twas a rare pleasure to see this fine old edifice by moonlight, and we were thankful for the opportunity. In the morning as we came down to the hall at the entrance of the miserable hotel, we found two Americans and a guide waiting for the omnibus to take them to the same train we were planning to take. They were with us all the time until we left Madrid, and we found them very agreeable companions.

All the hotels in Spain charge exactly as those in the United States, on the American plan—that is, so much per day, everything included. At Madrid we tried the Hotel Paris, a charming hostelry, where we had two rooms, one being used as a salon, and the charge was only thirty-five pesetas per day for the two; one peseta is



TERRACE OF THE ESCORIAL

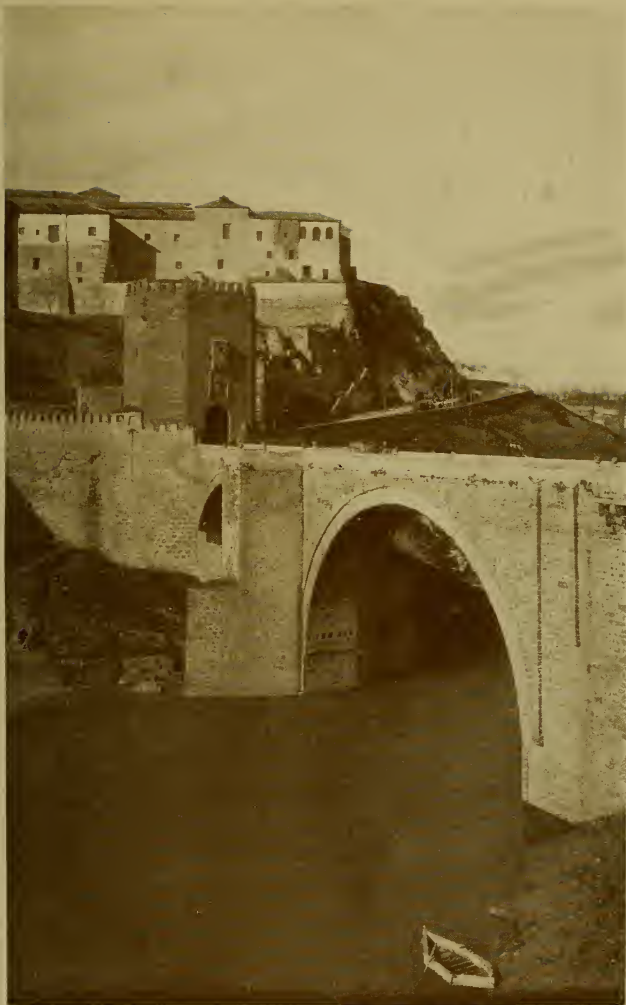
equal to eighteen cents in our money, so we paid but six dollars and ten cents. Everything considered, this is the best hotel for the money we have found in all Europe.

Spain's capital is not beautiful for situation, Philip the Second having chosen about the most undesirable part of the country for it: a high, barren, dun-colored, wind-blown plateau, said to be unhealthy, too, but commanding passes connecting the south with the north of Spain and France, and a geographical center. Modern Madrid is not typically Spanish, being quite like most other cities of importance in other countries, and of no peculiar interest; but old Madrid looks oriental with its narrow, crooked streets and motley, fantastic bazaars. We enjoyed the Prado, the Champs-Élysées of Madrid, and saw many beautiful equipages there, always a pleasurable sight. I read that in the province of Madrid alone are found more than three hundred and fifty species of butterflies. Does this account for the Spanish love of brilliant color in dress?

The Escorial, that wonderful piece of kingly extravagance and folly, a great palace and mon-

astery in memory of the martyred St. Lawrence, is some twenty-eight miles northwest of Madrid. Train service is so miserable that it takes an entire day to see it and get back to the city. This massive and gloomy gridiron-shaped structure is full of interesting courts and rooms, but is cold, cold, no heat at all within its walls, and one needs warm weather and a clear sky to enjoy it. The church is beautiful, a copy of St. Peter's at Rome, and we admired it far more than anything else. The monastery adjoins the church. Philip the Second's cell is on a level with the floor of the high altar and separated from it by a glass door. It was in this cell and at this very door that he lay dying while the rich tones of the favorite organ soothed his weary, wicked soul and the last sacrament was administered. The library would have interested S—. It has a small but choice collection of rare old volumes, richly illuminated by the monks, one being made as early as 976.

The ancient city of Toledo is about fifty miles south of Madrid. It was for us far and away the most interesting sight in Spain. It is com-



BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS, TOLEDO

pactly built on a rocky hill, with the river Tagus circling one-half of it, and three walls built at different periods, one dating back to 900, inclosing all. The buildings and walls are of a brown sandstone, which age has given a rich gold-brown color exactly suited to the old city. We are taken in a coach drawn by three horses abreast and go galloping up a hill, through a fine old Moorish gateway, over a stone bridge that looked a thousand years old, underneath which the Tagus rushes on its way to Lisbon; then up a long winding street under old historic walls to the top, which lands us in a tiny plaza, the largest in Toledo. The driver cracks his whip and we go for a black slit between two houses which, to my surprise, proves to be another street; we can reach out on either side and touch the buildings. There is a sudden stop, a great shouting, and we look and see a diminutive burro with water bottles, blocking the way. This patient beast will not move, so a lot of boys pull and push him into an arched doorway. This wedge being withdrawn, we proceed to the hotel without further difficulty. All the streets are narrow and winding, fully as

hard to follow as those in a Chinese city. The scenes, as one strolls about, are of indescribable interest, and make up one of the many charms of the place. The cathedral is grand, sublime, the finest I have seen.

We had planned to leave Madrid for Lisbon Saturday night. That morning I went over to the Wagon-Lits office with F— to engage a sleeper, and there learned that there was a strike on the road over which our tickets read. Everything tied up! The mails sent through with a military escort! Here was a pretty howdy-do! If we didn't get there by Tuesday morning we should miss the steamer and there would be no other for two weeks. As we couldn't wait for a settlement of the trouble, although we had already paid our passage all the way to Rio—sixty pounds, if I remember—we had to take a round-about way, so bought tickets via Medina del Campo.

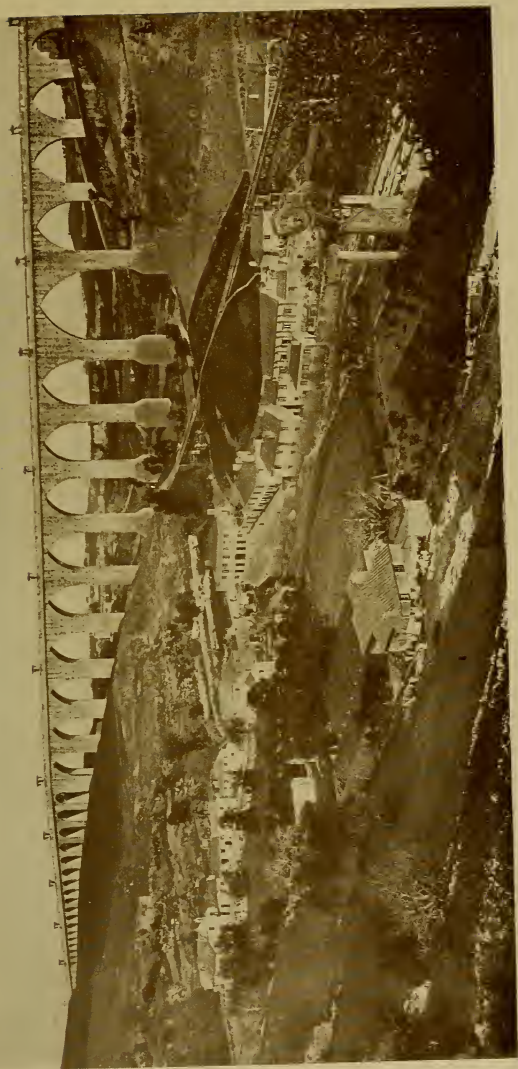
We had used up all the morning fussing over tickets and a little shopping. The afternoon had been reserved for the art gallery. After lunch we hurried over to the entrance and found it

closed! This one visit we had been saving up so carefully landed us at the door on a holiday! My Spanish at that moment was worth all the time I had devoted to it, for, after some parleying with the doorkeeper and a tip, he let us in and furnished one of the guards to take us about. This old man proved too full of information, was slow, but knew the history of every picture. I understood him very well, so we saw the pictures under more favorable circumstances than usual. The many and great masterpieces by Ribera, Velasquez and Murillo were a treat to look upon, and will remain with me many, many years.

You know what a severe test of one's disposition traveling is, and here the slow-going Spaniards make the strain greater. F— gets woe-fully provoked at their laziness; you know how he hates laziness in man or animal, but he has to depend on me to do the scolding here. The fact that he can not expostulate with these people himself makes their shortcomings annoy him the more. I translate his protestations into a much milder form, for I have more sympathy with the

lazy. It always amuses me to see F— out of patience, for an exhibit of temper is so foreign to him. Yesterday he was in a particularly severe mood with a slow and stupid fellow down at the station, and was provoked with me because I would not fight with him in French or Spanish. (I thought he was doing very well.) Later, when we got around to laughing about it, I told F— that the only person he does not dare fight in this country is “wife.” He retorted that I had completely gone back on my avowed theory that husbands and wives should stand by each other in everything, right or wrong, and that I had refused to fight for him. Oh dear, what tangles you do get into when you are traveling in strange countries! but they all straighten out, and, fortunately, you carry away the memory of only the agreeable things.

At eight P. M. we were at the station and soon in a compartment with two gentlemen. They proved to be a French engineer and his assistant, who were to change cars at our station. We conversed a part of the way, and the rest of the six hours of gloom was spent in trying to keep



AQUEDUCT IN PORTUGAL

warm. At two A. M. Medina was reached. This railroad junction had a dirty row of old buildings for a station. Attached to one was a restaurant, with four cells and single beds in each. We had to remain there eight hours. It was out of the question to hang around for that length of time, so for warmth we tackled one bed, and thereby gained a little comfort, some rest, and many fleas; but we paid only sixty-three cents for our room, two breakfasts and a proportionately generous tip to the waiter! Everything was scrupulously clean, and the breakfast was good.

The train *de luxe* arrived at ten o'clock. This train runs to Lisbon but twice a week, and it was a great piece of luck on our part to catch it. The time from there to Lisbon is eighteen hours, the railway running almost due west to the Portugal frontier. The scenery as far as the frontier was the same dreary plateau that we had had before. After crossing into Portugal it commenced to be more interesting. The soil improved and the inhabitants seemed more industrious. The little patches of tilled ground showed green, and trees and bushes were in blossom, but before we

had traversed many miles it grew dark, so we must have missed seeing the most interesting part.

As we rolled into the Lisbon station at two in the morning, we drew long sighs of relief, for now we were sure to catch the steamer. In an open carriage we were whirled through the streets, up hill and down, at a speed that was positively frightful. Driving is the only thing done with speed in the Iberian peninsula. I understood later why we went so quickly: cabby was giving us the worth of our large bill. The Braganza Hotel seemed to be peacefully sleeping, not a sign of life at the entrance or in the hall. We noticed a door under the stairs, entered by it, and found the porter fast asleep. Our trunks, satchels, camera and typewriter were all deposited at the door, and then cabby was asked his price. I nearly fainted when I heard, "Two thousand *reis*!" This must be almost the amount left on our letter of credit, I thought. It took F—some time to bring him down to twelve hundred and just about as long to convince the astonished F— that it only amounted altogether to ninety-six



LISBON

cents! One hundred *reis* are worth about eight cents. The enormous totals of a few purchases are appalling, and each time I faced them I had a feeling that our money would not hold out. The hotel bill was twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-five *reis*. Wouldn't that jar even a banker? It looked so funny to see hats in the windows marked six thousand and eight thousand *reis*, veils three hundred and fifty and four hundred, and so on. Wouldn't that discourage the most zealous shopper?

The morning was clear and balmy, and when the sun rose we thoroughly enjoyed walking about and thawing out our bones. F— said it was the first time he had been warm since leaving New York.

Lisbon was a charming surprise to us both. The grass was green, apple and peach trees in blossom, and oranges for sale that were picked in the city. For beauty of position Lisbon has the third place in European cities. Only Constantinople and Naples excel it. It is built on seven hills and every available foot of ground is used. All the buildings are of sandstone or

marble, and appear to be piled one on top of the other. As you look down on the city from the elevation of the botanical garden, you see nothing but tiled roofs and white streets. Lisbon's beauty and cleanliness are due to misfortunes. Plagues, earthquakes and tidal waves have visited it, followed by improved restoration and greater beauty. There are many curious sights and historical places to visit, but we had to pass them by, as we had no time for anything but a little shopping and the garden. History is piled up in this Iberian peninsula even as the houses are piled up on one another in this fascinating city. My Spanish again serves me here in Portugal, and I manage to make myself understood, but Portuguese seems to be Spanish gone wrong. I discovered that the Portuguese use the Chinese word *cha* for tea. Probably they were the first to open up trade with China and bring tea to Europe, so gave it the Chinese name.

There was no mail at Lisbon, except, of course, from Sharlie, who is a wonder for catching mails. F— says she is a trump because she always gets some word to him, no matter in what corner of the



A STREET IN LISBON



globe, and she can figure out to the very delivery at which the postman will toss mail in at the door.

F— says to tell Dad that he found some cigars in Lisbon that are just right, but he does not dare give the brand for fear Dad will insist on importation. Our shopping in Spain and Portugal was mostly in the way of Spanish books (one of these was *El Alegoria del Capitan Ribot*) and music, though we did purchase some of the in-crustated or Damascened steel and gold work which belongs to the country.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE S. S. THAMES FOR SOUTH AMERICA

How futile it is to plan to do this and that on shipboard! One never does them. I always intend to accomplish wonders, but once I get aboard I find myself a veritable Spaniard for putting things off till *mañana*. I can not concentrate my thoughtlets sufficiently to write about what we have seen and are seeing.

Here we are on the Thames, St. Valentine's day, lazily sailing along in the southern Atlantic, hunting cool and breezy corners. It seems passing strange to be in ducks and straw hats when two weeks ago snow lay on the ground in Madrid and we sighed to be in some place where we could get warm. The thermometer hovers around 84 degrees day and night, which is really very respectable weather for the torrid zone. Last night the southern cross hung clear and sparkling in the southern sky, and at half after two we crossed



PLAZA AT LISBON

the equator. This passing into the southern hemisphere was an event for me, and I greatly regretted that it occurred at such an unseemly hour. I wanted to have sensations and feelings at the portentous moment, but couldn't decide to keep my sleepy self awake till so late an hour. This is F—'s fifth trip across the equator, and by far the coolest, he says. The chief officer told me tales for an hour last evening of the celebrations that take place on crossing the line on sailing vessels, when Father Neptune comes on board—a curious Father Neptune, with raveled manila rope for a beard, a trident of bread sticks—and superintends a series of wicked tricks that are played on the poor greenies who are crossing the line for the first time.

There has been a heavy swell most of the time since we left Lisbon, and the Thames, which has an unusually light load, has rolled merrily, so that my elbows and toes are tired with the effort to hang on to my seat and to the floor. I don't mind the rolling so much as some other things, the smells, for instance, which are terrific. The kitchens are along under the promenade deck,

and ventilate to it, so you can imagine the torture our poor noses endure, especially mine, which is like my mama's.

I have felt quite humiliated to go to the wall, figuratively speaking, in a rather smooth sea when I have distinguished myself in so many rough ones. It may be because of some hundred or so dear little red radishes that I ate in Lisbon. Anyway, I was upset, and understand better why some people do not hanker for sea voyages. F— was a perfect angel when I was not well, and did everything to help me.

The clear skies and light winds have been daily the same, as monotonous a stretch of sailing as one would find. It's an untidy ship and poorly managed from top to bottom, the captain and officers drinking whenever they are thirsty, which is too often. Luckily, we have a good-sized cabin and opposite to it an empty one, which we use for trunks and dressing-room, so we are fairly comfortable.

The Thames' passengers are varied: English, a few Americans (North Americans, that is, for in this part of the world South America takes

precedence over North), Portuguese, Spanish, Brazilians, Chilians, and Peruvians. It is a surprise to me to find that some of these South Americans have light brown hair and fair skins, and are not at all our accepted idea of the Spanish type. A blond, blue-eyed young fellow who takes tea with us is from Montevideo, and another fair young man, whom I thought at first to be from the States, lives in Lima, Peru. Two sweet Sisters of Charity, whose somber, trailing robes seem strangely out of place on the deck of the steamship, are going down from Belgium to the Argentine. A beauty is always interesting, and we have one real beauty to whom my eyes often turn, other eyes as well, whose olive, oval face, with large brown eyes and mass of dusky hair, is of an unaccustomed type. She wears two large sparkling diamonds in her pretty little ears that are wonderfully becoming. She really is ready to frame. Some of the Portuguese men with their dark skins and straight jet-black hair strongly suggest the Japanese.

We have had just one glimpse of land. One evening at sunset we passed the Canary Islands.

On one side we could see villages and farm-houses along the lower slopes of the hills that rise sharply from the water in picturesque irregularity; on the other we had a glimpse of just the peak of Teneriffe, which lifts its head twelve thousand one hundred and eighty feet from the sea. The whole of this island was hidden by a bank of clouds, and the little peak which peeped above it seemed well in cloudland, too. We sailed between the peaks and gaunt hills, solemn and awesome as those Doré studied, into the night, and our next view of land will be in tropical Brazil. What a wonderful waste of water lies on the globe! To think that four-fifths of the earth's surface is covered by the restless, lonely, mighty ocean! What a speck, what an atom each of us would be if left to battle with it single-handed! Sturdy, independent, courageous Captain Slocum, who circled the globe in his little craft, *The Spray*, alone!

We had hoped to land at Pernambuco and sleep in a real bed again, but the length of time we could stay and the one pound ten shillings which the robber boatman wanted for taking us

ashore made us give up the plan. We came into Pernambuco in the late afternoon, and we stood on deck, of course, peering eagerly out for our first view of the South American continent. One distant shore is very like another, irregular and dimly green, but along the ridge of the hills we could see with a glass the notched plummy edge of tree-tops which we know are the palms that belong in the tropics. The weather is not oppressively warm,—quite ideal summer weather in fact, with cool fresh breezes.

Pernambuco, the City of the Reef, is curiously protected from the sea by a long, narrow reef of rocks about five hundred feet from the shore, making a safe, deep harbor into which large ships can go, not as large as the Thames, however. The Pernambucans seemed to take our arrival very calmly. As we came in late, the doctor, who must be the first aboard, was said to be at dinner and, being a Portuguese, did not bother himself to come out that evening. We consoled ourselves for not getting ashore by dancing on the deck, enjoying in the intervals the bright stars overhead and the brilliant lights of the city that lay along the

water's edge. In the morning our hopes again rose high for landing, my hopes at least, but only a straggling lighter or two came out with a little freight, and a few passenger-boats, whose amazing tariff nobody was willing to pay. A brown boy with many bright-colored, tropical birds came on board and made some sales, a few of the travelers being courageous enough to add a bird-cage to their other hand-baggage. One handsome bird with rich rose-red feathers tipped with black, a glossy jet bill with a single effective white spot on either side, caught my fancy, though I felt sorry for him in his confinement and thought that the poor fellow's gay wings ought to be flashing in the sunlight and the free air.

It was posted that we would sail at nine though we did not get off till twelve, an irritating characteristic of steamships. It was all very dispiriting, but we had to be content with the sea view of Pernambuco, so near and yet so far. Queer little box-like buildings with red-tiled roofs showed up in the business part of the town. Well over to the right, as we lay facing the city, was the lovely hill-suburb called Olinda, where

the foliage looked beautifully luxuriant and green against the reddish soil, and the quaint, Spanish-looking convents and churches, which cap the hills, looked most interesting. Between the city and Olinda was a large white building with a tall smoke-stack, which we were told was a sugar refinery. Cotton and sugar are the chief articles of commerce.

CHAPTER V

BEGUILING BAHIA

From Pernambuco to Bahia the coast was visible most of the time and the cliffs stood out with cloud-like whiteness. Indeed they looked more like clouds than earth. We passed many funny little craft, mere eggshell boats, and a flat catamaran, made of several timbers lashed together with an odd little three-cornered sail, tilted at an unfamiliar angle that seemed about to blow away. No sooner had we anchored at Bahia than a fleet of boats, big and little, put out from shore and soon were clustered about us, bringing pineapples, bananas, the sweet, green-skinned oranges and other fruits, and one a collection of green parrots. Oh, what a treat it was to go ashore at Bahia! One is in danger of being over-enthusiastic in telling about the first day on shore after a long sea voyage. I am not sure that every one feels my keen joy in the fruitful earth. The shore



A BELLE OF BAHIA

looked invitingly green and tropical. We rounded a picturesque lighthouse, set in the inclosure of an old and weather-worn fort, and turned into Bahia's beautiful bay. Bahia, indeed, means "bay." The indented, curved shore-line of the bay must cover many miles, for the hills of the opposite side are far away and misty. The mouth of the harbor is lost and we seem to be in a large and beautiful inland lake.

Bahia is a feast of entertainment for the newcomer. It is a center of the black population of Brazil, having in former times been a thriving slave market, and the gregarious blacks still gather here in great numbers. Some homesick Portuguese from Lisbon must have chosen the sight, for Bahia is hung upon a hillside in much the same remarkable manner as Lisbon, though the buildings are not piled upon one another so thickly and the green peeps out between,—that fresh, healthy resplendent green of warm, moist climates. The buildings are painted in many pretty colors and the effect against the background of green is gay and pleasing. In the narrow strip of land that runs along the water's edge under

the cliff the streets and buildings have been squeezed close together with hardly a breathing space between. One feels the summer indolence that hangs over the place, though the narrow streets are crowded with people of many colors. The variations of brown complexions are a revelation. Cunning, fat, little brown babies caper around clad in nothing but complexion. The most picturesque and attractive figures are the handsome, big, graceful negresses who walk along with their baskets of wares balanced on their heads or sit on the curb-stone offering their fruit or knickknacks to passers-by, especially to strangers, with a most engaging, beguiling smile that creeps into their eyes and shows their rows of white teeth to great advantage. They are such handsome, well-formed creatures and must be the belles of the colored population, for they are well-dressed and, among a class where one sees a great deal of untidiness and dirt, are clean and neat. Their full, colored petticoats and white embroidered or lace-trimmed waists are freshly laundered and the white kerchiefs they knot about their heads are snowy. The negresses wear neck-

laces and bracelets of bright-colored beads, and the white waists are very low-necked and sleeveless, often dropping away from the shapely shoulders. The young are plump; the older, alas, are more than plump. Sitting alone or in little groups, or walking in their stately fashion, they are always attractive. They move with a peculiar rolling gait that clings to them when they have no burden, and in many of the old, wrinkled, clean mammies who creep along the streets I could see an old-time handsome wench. The black men, too, are muscular, big fellows with a remarkable development of chest and shoulders that they get from their work of loading and unloading great bundles of tobacco and cocoa.

Bahia is the second city of Brazil in size, though not in commercial importance. The blacks fare much better than the other races in Bahia, for the climate is enervating and very unhealthy for white people.

At least one handsome, well-built road climbs the cliff, supported by walls of solid masonry, a fine bit of work. There is also an inclined plane that goes up a hair-raising grade, and an ele-

vator, which you enter from one of the lower streets, lifts you two hundred and eighty feet, from which you step thankfully forth to the public square of the upper town. I did not see any public carriages in the city, but the tram-cars, drawn by two rat-like little mules, take you about very comfortably. In one place the mules left us and we coasted down a hill by gravity. The business part of the upper town is better than the lower, and we found the shops filled with fancy-dress costumes, masks, and confetti ready for the approaching carnival before Lent, which is the great fête of the year for Brazilians. The houses, always painted in many colors, variegate pleasingly down the street. Some of them, like those we saw in Lisbon, have the whole front in tiles, blue and white usually, with the ornamental iron balconies painted in blue and white to correspond. It seems we might copy these, for they are attractive, though it is possible we could use the tile only in the states where there are no great extremes of temperature. The balconies are usually filled with people gazing curiously down into the street. The natives seem to have a great deal of

leisure and what we call idle curiosity. There are many charming little gardens filled with lovely flowering vines and shrubs, and many bushes and even trees have exquisitely colored foliage. There are beautiful Royal Poinciana trees which, with their lace-like green foliage and wealth of red blossoms like giant azaleas, are correspondingly decorative. The heavy, green foliage of the mango is the dark note in the gamut of lovely greens. And high above all on his gray columnar stem the royal palm, that aristocrat of the tree kingdom, bows and bends his plumed head with befitting dignity.

Our return to the Thames from Bahia was exciting. We came out to the ship about nine o'clock and learned that a little while before one Jamaica negro sailor had killed another, had stabbed him to the heart, causing instant death. They had quarreled over the splicing of some rope! I had watched the two men at work on the rope that morning, and it was a shock to hear that one of them had been killed. Of course the question of arrest and trial came up and officers hastened ashore for consuls and other officials,

had a preliminary examination in the dining-saloon, and, as a result, sent the dead man and the murderer ashore. The captain said the murderer was one of his best sailors, but that the victim was a disagreeable, quarrelsome fellow, so we all felt sorry for the living one over the terrible mistake he had made. That was the second tragic occurrence of our voyage. Soon after we left Lisbon one of the third-class passengers showed symptoms of insanity and the first mate caught him and locked him in a cabin, intending to go back a little later and put a strait-jacket on him if necessary. When he did return the door was locked but the man was gone. He had managed to work himself through the port hole, had dropped into the water, and was no doubt soon drowned.

CHAPTER VI

RIO DE JANEIRO

It was early morning when we ran up on the deck of the Thames and found we were fast approaching the irregular row upon row of mountains which run to the right and left of the entrance to the famous Bay of Rio, a bay large enough to hold the navies of the world. A soft mist hung over the water, making the mountains about the harbor dim and indistinct.

One hesitates for a word for these surrounding highlands of Rio Janeiro (the River of January). They are hardly high enough to be called mountains in the large sense and are of too noble height to be called hills. The circumference of the bay is about one hundred miles and the entrance only one mile across, making it in appearance more like an inland lake than a bay, and around it in infinite variety, no two peaks rising to the same height nor following a range appar-

ently, cluster these great wooded hills, with the Organ Mountains closing the horizon to the north.

Where shall I begin to tell of the charms of Rio de Janeiro and where end? With all the one hundred thousand words of the English language at my command, its beauty would still be indescribable. My photographs can not convey color as well as my pen, and any pen needs to be dipped in the solar spectrum. Look with me this golden afternoon from my airy perch on the piazza of our little *châlet* up behind the Hotel International and see with my eyes the fair view that spreads itself out far below. The sky is blue as Italy's sky, a clear, pure azure against which the white clouds stand out with exquisite distinctness. The atmosphere is dreamy and a faint haze hangs over the distant mountains. The great slopes of the hills of Santa Thereza near-by at the left are a mass of shaded green with splashes of yellow and purple here and there from blossoming trees. Over to the right is a great hill with verdure swirling about its base like a green wave, the summit crowned with vegetation, but against



HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO

whose steep, gaunt, brown sides no living thing finds root. Down, down, under us in a cavernous valley are little groups of houses that look like toys, the trees surrounding them like shrubs, the roads like paths. As the valley widens the buildings increase in number, and far below at the end we see a bit of Rio that peeps around the hill, quaint, charming, red-roofed Rio! Beyond are the blue waters of the bay and beyond them in misty distance the faint, undulating line of mountains which everywhere surround Rio and are one of its wonders and beauties. In the middle distance is a great, precipitous, unscalable rock suitably called Sugarloaf from its shape, and beyond I can see islands and the sparkling waters of the ocean. It would seem that everything has been given to Rio to make her lovely, these magnificent ranges of mountains of which the eye never tires, the radiant vegetation, and heavenly blue sea. I am regretfully certain that I can not make it appear as it is. One can not write in colors, least of all in tropical colors, and Rio is, of all places that I have seen in the world, fullest of splendid, rich color.

This garden spot of earth has its drawbacks which one by one lift their ugly little heads, but it remains first and last beautiful, wonderfully beautiful. Where can you find a finer electric car ride in the world than the one which leaves the Largo Carioca, down in the heart of the city, and winds on and out along the picturesque hills toward Santa Thereza, turning, twisting and always mounting, giving at each moment new glimpses into flowery gardens and woods, and new vistas over the city to the bay and off to the mountain range? As one rides up, the greater part of Rio spreads itself out in bird's-eye view, though some of it is always creeping behind the hill, a green hill that eludes and slips behind another green hill. It is only from the heights of Corcovado, which also can be reached by cog railway, that the whole city unrolls and you see what a great place it is. Circling round the curving line of the bay, rising on the hills and running up the hundred valleys, it is a city surpassing all others in beauty.

Most of the foliage is novel and therefore more interesting to new-comers from temperate



RIO DE JANEIRO, FROM SANTA THERESA

climes. Tall clumps of bananas stand out against the hillsides, waving their flapping leaves like banners; the feathery bamboo springs up everywhere in green clusters; fine mango trees delight one's eyes with their rich, glossy foliage; poincianas spread their boughs of green; lofty palms lift their heads high above all and low down underneath runs a riot of creeping, growing, flowering things that make a glimpse of the red soil a rarity. Among the wealth of greenery it is a keen pleasure to spy bits familiar to our northern eyes—the scarlet spikes of salvia which grow in wild profusion, the crimson canna, the sturdy stalk and leaves of the castor bean, the yellow blossom of the honeysuckle with its sweet breath. The royal palm is perhaps the most interesting of all nature's family of trees, and in the rich soil and warm moist climate of Brazil it attains even greater height than in its native home, often towering to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, from the ground to its waving fronds.

Out in the botanical garden I came upon a Royal palm quite apart from the splendid and famous avenue of palms, with a low wall of stone

around it and a tablet which tells the visitor that this palm is the father of all those growing in Brazil and was planted by Don Joao VI in 1809. He brought it from Portugal, I believe, though the Royal palm is a native of India. This interesting patriarch is still fine and flourishing. Indeed he looks younger than many of his children and grandchildren.

A number of things are topsy-turvy in this southern hemisphere. The moon hangs wrong side out in the sky, and though 'tis February, we are in the midst of summer. I had to come to Brazil, too, to hear rainy weather called "pleasant." One rainy day when I was pattering about down in the narrow, close streets of the lower city, burdened with umbrella, overshoes and all the wearing appliances that wet weather demands, I made a casual remark to a shopkeeper about the disagreeable weather. "Disagreeable!" he exclaimed; "why, this is fine weather. Look what a beautiful day it is, cool and pleasant. We haven't had such a fine summer for years, rain every day, you might say." It seems that in the wet seasons it is much cooler and the yellow fever

and other contagious diseases are not so virulent. The dry seasons are dreaded. A paragraph from the *Rio News* on the city's general health is not without interest.

According to the semi-monthly bulletin of the board of public health, the number of deaths during the second half of this January was five hundred and eighty-four in this city of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, a very low number for mid-summer, the cool weather and much rain accounting for this. The smallpox, which is always present in the city, showed an increase during the period, the deaths numbering thirty-six against eighteen in the first half of the month. From other diseases the deaths were: Pulmonary consumption, one hundred and seven; malaria, thirty-nine; yellow fever, seven; beriberi, seven; bubonic plague, six; other diseases, seventeen. The births numbered five hundred and forty-three and the marriages one hundred and two. There have been times when the death rate in Rio from yellow fever alone has averaged two hundred per day. This beriberi, by the way, is a curious disease, somewhat resembling rheumatism, which

attacks the legs, making the sufferer totter about like a paralytic. If not given prompt and careful treatment, the disease is fatal. The best remedy is a change of climate. This list of diseases sounds ominous, yet I find an American long down here who declares that Rio Janeiro is healthier than New York, and that the death rate is lower.

It is with the greatest difficulty that I get any sort of reliable information about the city or its surroundings, though of course I am a bundle of questions. In the good-sized book store of the Ouvidor, the best business street, so narrow that no animal or wheeled vehicle is allowed in it, I was amazed to find nothing in the way of books of history or information about the country or city in either Spanish, French or English, not even a guide book!

I am told that the Brazilians are quite indifferent as to where things came from and how and why they were constructed, and the only information extant is with the foreigners. There is an amusing discrepancy between the good opinion the Brazilians have of themselves and the opinion



THE OUVIDOR

outsiders have of them. True, it is never just to the individual to speak of a nation as having certain characteristics, for there are always exceptions and notable ones, but foreigners freely express the opinion that the Brazilians are quite incapable of developing the resources of their large and rich country and the task must eventually be given into the hands of Europeans or North Americans. The country at present is in a lamentable financial condition, which is attributed entirely to misgovernment. Revolutions have followed one another merrily in Brazil, as they do in most South American republics, and successive sets of political freebooters, with their satellites, have made haste to fill their pockets while the sun shone, the country's commercial interest meanwhile suffering demoralization.

The street people of Rio are not particularly picturesque. Perhaps they would be more so to one unaccustomed to the black faces of our negroes. The Brazilians are an unhealthy race, undersized and thin even in youth and anemic and weazened when they grow old. It is the rarest exception to see a white native who looks in per-

fect health. The color of the natives runs through all the shades from *café au lait* to inky black. A curious feature of the situation is that families are by no means warranted to be all of the same color. One child goes back to one grandfather and another to another for his complexion, I suppose, and the result is that the same fathers and mothers have assorted shades of children. Did you ever! Here is a poser for the man who does not believe in heredity.

The black people in Brazil seem to be on a footing of equality with the white, going to the same hotels, and eating at the same tables in dining-rooms and on steamships.

In the lower city the streets are mere lanes, so narrow that carriages can not pass in them; a hand, painted on the corner of the buildings, shows in which direction a vehicle may go. The tram-cars, "bonds" as they are called, drawn by two or sometimes only one lonesome mule, thread their way about, running so close to the buildings and leaving such scant space on the narrow sidewalk that one must step hastily back into the open doors of the shops to let them pass.

The Brazilians call the street-cars "bonds," because, when an English company came down, got the right of way and bonded the roads, the street-cars mixed themselves with the bonds in the primitive native mind and were never untangled. The electric lines have been of tremendous advantage to Rio, making the heights readily accessible and taking one easily along the cool, shady, winding mountain roads, past the fine houses and gardens of the rich and well-to-do, up into the cool forest.

As in the Hawaiian Islands, the Mother Hubbard is the negligée morning costume of the Rio woman, or sometimes a skirt and loose sack, then late in the afternoon she dresses herself for the interesting occupation of looking out the window.

People move so leisurely, so indifferently in this dreamy heavy air. The only example of real speed that I have seen since landing was an ostrich that was being chased by a yellow dog out in the botanical garden. F— and I have fallen asleep with the rest and have lost all recollection of what we did for some days after we came.

We have roused ourselves somewhat, but I think it will take a nip of Jack Frost really to wake us up again.

In going to Tijuca one passes many handsome, suburban homes, always set in the same flowery gardens with the usual groups of soaring palms, their tall gray columns lifted high before putting forth their tufts of plummy leaves. The style of these villas might make an architect squeal, for their multiform decoration is of the wedding-cake variety, but they are not unpleasant in their setting of green, for they are neat, home-like and inviting, and the lovely gardens redeem them. They are always attractively painted, too, in harmonious combinations of the soft tints that we call pastel. This quiet taste in colors is noticeable in the city streets as well, where the stucco buildings are all painted in many mellow tints. Many of these country places are literally hung on the hillsides with massive stone retaining walls to keep them in place. This bird-like dexterity in building out into the atmosphere must come to them honestly from their Portuguese ancestors, for it is Lisbon over again. The



LES ARCS DE SANTA THEREZA

whole of the attractiveness of Rio might be summed up in two words, view and verdure.

It is damp and muggy in our little chalet to-day and everything feels wet and sticky, really is wet and sticky, and we are wishing for sunshine to dry us out and keep us from molding. This paper even is wet and my pen almost refuses to slip on it. I don't believe the ink ever dries here. It is a blessing for which I am not sufficiently grateful to have hair that is not of the kind to straighten out to strings in this moist air. But our airy perch is a thousand times better than the city, and we came up here for comfort and for health's sake as well. Poor F— and I entertained ourselves on our half-hour ride up the mountain last evening, thinking of a dinner we would like to eat with the home folks, our mouths fairly watering as we named over the good things. At the time we knew we were coming toward a poor dinner here at the International. F— says he pays these people five dollars a day each to get something good to eat and all the time his stomach goes flip-flap and cries out for food. Nothing is really good and appetizing, not even the fruit.

We are again spending money at a reckless rate. Eleven thousand *reis* for a dinner! It sounds calamitous and looks even worse, for they write it 11\$000. A bottle of beer costs 2\$000 and a bottle of champagne 30\$000. We are neither of us much in love with Rio, even though it has such transcendent beauty. The air is miserably heavy and enervating, making one feel lifeless.

We are soon going to Petropolis, the Simla of Brazil, where it rains every day, but where the weather is really cool. Petropolis is in the mountains back of Rio amid fine scenery reached by steam-cars and by steep inclines through jungles and over deep ravines, along huge walls of stone ready to fall upon you from above. There is a handsome house for the American legation at Petropolis and a flourishing Methodist school for girls. After that we go to San Paulo, the largest city of Brazil away from the coast. F— goes there on business and we shall both enjoy the glimpse of the country inland. We have met a Mr. Cooper here at the International, an American who is superintending the construction of an immense electric power plant at San Paulo, one of

the largest in the world; also an interesting Mr. MacKenzie, who amused us one day by saying that he had pored and prayed and perspired over this Portuguese language and still couldn't put three words together. He says he does not think these Portuguese could understand one another in the dark. We think of South America as a Spanish continent, but it really might be called Portuguese, the one hundred and eighty million people in Brazil speaking the Portuguese language.

The prices of things in Rio are hair-raising, the shop things I mean. They asked me one dollar and fifty cents a yard for some mosquito netting such as you pay forty cents for in Paris, one dollar and fifty cents in gold! I didn't invest, but unearthed a net for our bed at the hotel.

A million ants are crawling over the table as I write, but there is a greater freedom here from insects than I had expected.

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT POWER PLANT AT PARNAHYBA

Usually I do not consider food of the first importance in life, but in traveling it gets to be a serious matter when day after day you can have nothing that is palatable or wholesome. The meats in this country are poor, the vegetables few and unappetizing, the fruits insipid, really the worst food I have ever known. Fortunately we keep well and I should not speak of the shortcomings of Brazilian hotels when writing from San Paulo and the Grand Hotel de la Rotissiere (Sportsman), where we now are, for this is the best we have found thus far. The rooms are not so barn-like; they seem to have been swept some time; the management has more system and the table is quite fair. We were half-starved when we came here to San Paulo, and now we wish we could carry this hotel around with us, at least while we are in Brazil. Of course we have fallen



CORCOVADO RAILWAY

into the eastern way of late breakfasts, so have coffee and rolls in bed, the real breakfast at eleven, tea at four and dinner at seven o'clock. I must admit that I don't like the hours for meals, unless it be the one in bed. We have been reveling in other good things that have come our way in San Paulo. Our new friends have been very kind and we have dined twice with Mr. MacKenzie, whom we met at the International, a Canadian who is the lawyer for the San Paulo Tramway Light and Hydraulic Power Company. He keeps house with three Americans, who are at the heads of the different departments of the work. Their womanless establishment was quite a curiosity to me. Poor fellows, they get along pretty well after a fashion, but it's hard lines that they have no one to look after the domestic side of life for them.

The finest of all the fine days we have had down here was the day we went to Parnahyba to see Mr. Cooper's dam, one of the big ones of the world, which dams the Tieté River and is to give San Paulo all the electric power it needs. At Mr. Cooper's urgent invitation we had come by rail,

after the usual fuss with fumigation, to the city of San Paulo.

San Paulo, by the way, is a flourishing city of some two hundred and fifty thousand people, three hundred and ten miles from Rio de Janeiro, southwest, built upon a broad plane with low hills about it. The houses are low and unpretentious, though there are some pretty country houses belonging to wealthy coffee planters reached by the now universal tramway. Four lines of steam railways run out to the great coffee districts of the interior, San Paulo being the center of the coffee trade. You know Brazil grows two-thirds of the coffee of the world and we coffee toppers of the United States take one-half of this exportation. Coffee has been grown in Brazil only for the past one hundred and fifty years, and requires a certain altitude and certain conditions even here. It must have heat and dampness and be neither too near nor too far from the sea-shore, and at an elevation of from one to four thousand feet. With these favorable conditions there will be two or three gatherings a year from the plantations. Many think San Paulo will some day be the me-



BOTANICAL GARDEN, RIO JANEIRO

tropolis of Brazil, and it is now a clean, healthy, attractive city with wide streets and the air and bustle of a northern place. It is the capital of its richest state and received sixty million dollars of good American gold last year for its coffee. Rio Janeiro is sleepy and dead compared with it.

Mr. Cooper, the engineer of the great dam at Parnahyba, twenty-five miles in air-line from San Paulo, is a clever, self-made, capable American, with much of the salt of youth about him, a man of intelligence and power, and he also proved himself to be a delightful host, making every possible arrangement for our pleasure. At half after five Tuesday morning Mr. Cooper's man met us at the door of the hotel in San Paulo with a carriage, took us to the station, handed out two return tickets, put us on the train and said, "The second stop is Barnery, where the company's 'trolley' will meet you." One hour and ten minutes later the little narrow-gage train came to the second stop; a fierce-looking Italian with a huge whip around his neck thrust his head in through the car window and, catching sight of us, beckoned us to come out, saying, "Trol-

ley." He looked so dangerous that it was a question whether to remain on the train and be carried into the interior of Brazil, or trust ourselves to this wild, murderous-looking man. F— says he would have been on that train yet if I hadn't jumped up and run out to see what the "trolley" looked like. It proved to be like the American buckboard, but very much stronger, with a seat in front hung high, so the forward wheels would pass under the body, a good vehicle for the rough roads of Brazil.

The first thing Mr. Cooper did was to build this road of seven miles to the village of Parnahyba, which was accomplished in thirty-seven days. It winds along the face of the hills, with flowering trees and interesting plants and ferns on all sides. We drove over it early in the morning while it was cool, and every green thing sparkled with rain-drops left by the shower of a few moments before our arrival. There were many wild flowers, morning-glories, the delicate mimosa, and others. Mr. Cooper came down the road to meet us, and as he rode at our side, pointed out the dam and the changes in his quick, ener-

getic way. I thought he looked the part of a leader and understood how he had accomplished such wonders in this far-off land, with Brazilian, negro, Indian and Italian workmen, a mixture not easy to handle. His speech was smooth, but his manner convincing, and when that broad jaw closed it was evident his word was law and every man under him knew it.

One day a big Italian came at one of the foremen with a large club and a threatening manner. The fellow said he was going to kill the foreman, and it looked as though he was going to carry out his threat. The foreman stepped into his office, got a pistol, and, as the man attempted to strike, shot him in the leg and he dropped in his tracks; then the whole crowd of men, six or seven hundred, started for Mr. Cooper. He was in his office and saw them coming. He jumped up, caught the American flag, and without any other means of defense ran with it right into their midst and in five minutes had quieted the trouble. I must mention that Mr. Cooper's salary is fifteen thousand dollars a year and expenses, and I am sure he earns every cent of it.

Mr. Cooper accompanied us to the house, which is large and airy, gave us his own room, left a pitcher of ice water and said, "Breakfast in ten minutes." We had been up nearly four hours without breakfast and we had an appetite to gratify any cook. Fruit, steak, bacon, eggs and chicken, and then came griddle cakes. F— had finished twelve and was going to quit, when I suggested he make it thirteen and let it go at that. Most of the table things are from the States, and as his staff are all Americans, he tries to give them an American table. He buys condensed milk and cream made by Hylands, of Elgin, Illinois. At dinner we had ice-cream made from this, and it seemed to me the finest I ever tasted. It was served in soup-plates, and F— sent back for a second pint. The house is built on a hill, commanding a fine view of the valley, at the bottom of which rushes the swift Tieté, though before the clearing was commenced not a thing was to be seen from this point but jungle. The dam is eight hundred and sixty feet long; from the top to the footing stone is seventy-two feet; the spillway is about six hundred feet long and

built in the shape of an ogee. What a grand sight it will be to see this long sheet of water forming the graceful curves and then tumbling into white foam on the rocks below! Fine granite for the dam is taken from quarries only a little distance away. Mr. Cooper was thoughtful enough to have the man hold a blast for us, so when we came along I touched the button and a handful of black powder lifted huge blocks of stones the size of a small house and tossed them about with volcanic effect.

The San Paulo Tramway Light and Power Company is a Canadian and American concern that is investing eight million dollars in a water power and electric station to furnish the city with electric street-cars, electric lights and electric power generally. It is one of the largest projects of the kind in the world. Some three years ago Mr. Pierson, of the Metropolitan Company of New York City, went down with Mr. Cooper to investigate the proposition. The Tieté River was to be dammed and turbines installed to furnish power for the electric generators, and then copper cables to transmit it to San Paulo, twenty-

five miles away. Mr. Cooper could do the hydraulic and Mr. Pierson the electric work. When they arrived on the ground they found the banks of the river one tangled mass of tropical jungle. Mr. Cooper told us he had to climb trees to make his observations and cut paths down to the water to learn the contour of the banks. There were rapids too swift to navigate and, in the preliminary survey he had to judge the volume of water and fall by the roar and fuss it made. Mr. Cooper made his estimates and handed them to Mr. Pierson; they were standing in a dense jungle, where it was impossible to swing a war club. Mr. Pierson examined them for a few minutes, then pointing over toward the roar of waters where the angry torrents were grinding up huge boulders, said: "Mr. Cooper, your scheme is excellent, you must take charge of the job; go to New York, design the dam, buy all the necessary machinery and return and put it up!" Thus was born twenty-five thousand hydraulic horse power, the third largest in the world. The dam is a fine stone affair and the water used to supply the power is carried down to the power-house in a



THE GREAT PIPE AT PARNAHYBA

huge steel pipe twelve feet in diameter and two thousand eight hundred feet long. Each section of pipe, about three feet long, will weigh, when full of water, ninety thousand pounds. I forget how many thousands, rather hundreds of thousands, of rivets they have put into this monster, now nearing completion. It's the longest pipe of its size in the world.

You see one must deal with large figures down here at the south end of Brazil. So Mr. Cooper went back to New York and the drafting-board, and with fifteen assistants and a lot of midnight oil, he planned the whole thing, from the huge pipes to his Wisconsin pancake flour. He bought a million dollars' worth of machinery, collected his staff, most of whom had been with him before, and with Mr. MacKenzie sailed away for three years of hard work. Mr. MacKenzie went down to start the legal matters and to remain two months. He has been there twenty-two, and says, "The Lord only knows when I'll see home." Poor fellow, he looks white and worn and tired, for he has had a hard fight to keep those sharks from tearing to pieces and appropri-

ating to themselves the eight million dollars he is investing for his clients. The company rents a fine house in San Paulo, which is at the disposal of all the officials.

We went all around looking at every detail of the work and enjoying it. There is a cable swung high above the dam to carry out stone and concrete. We had a ride across the river on it, dangling like flies, way, way up in the air. Three of us rode in a rough box swung by chains, and I for the first time appreciated the iron nerve it took to walk across Niagara on a rope. How did Blondin ever do it? I was not at all alarmed, though Mr. Cooper had told me before we started that the car had upset once, throwing five men into the water below, drowning two of them! It was a mistake of the engineer's and not likely to be repeated, I should say. Poor engineer! How distressed he must have been over the affair! Mr. Cooper's own brother was one of those who went down, but fortunately was saved. It happened in the evening late, and they were not able to pick the men up till morning. They clung to some trees and rocks all night. I can not



THE DROP TO SANTOS

say I was as tranquil as a drawing-room cat or that I quite enjoyed the spin across and back, but it gave us fine views up and down the river.

In the afternoon we rode over to the village on horseback. It's many a day since I have been on a horse, but I managed to stick on, and after a few minutes of getting used to it, I really liked it again. The village has an expensive Catholic church in it built by the workmen. They are nearly all Italians, the Brazilians being good-for-nothing when it comes to manual labor. One of the saints in the church is black as the ace of spades! Under the altar they have a figure of the dead Christ in a coffin, the most gruesome thing I have ever seen in a church. Many of the people of the village show plainly their Indian blood. To-day I poked around in an old curiosity shop here kept by a French Jew, I think. He had some interesting things among the usual claptrap, and I felt tempted to buy some old Brazilian ear-rings of him, a lot of little indifferent diamonds set in a curious design, one of the diamonds green. They sometimes find a green diamond of fine color in Brazil which is very valuable. Brazil was

once a great diamond market, and many small diamonds were found, but now the African fields have taken away the trade from Brazil. There are some other gems in the country, topaz, amethyst and small emeralds.

My *ukulele* has been giving a great deal of pleasure here to those who have not heard home songs for a long time. Mr. Cooper and his men seem delighted with my ditties, and one lovely moonlight night all sat out on the porch while I sang, accompanied by its sweet strings. My attentive audience and the beautiful moon were inspiring.

We had a perfect day for the forty-mile ride by the English railway from San Paulo to Santos, which is the shipping port of San Paulo for its coffee, sugar, tapioca and other exports, but though San Paulo is only such a short distance away it lies high on a tableland two thousand eight hundred feet above the level of Santos and the sea. To get down you must cross the Serra do Mar and drop down the mountain sides. This is done by an inclined-plane railway in four sections, a fine piece of English engineering with

wonderful provision in the way of masonry up and down the mountain-side to take care of the torrential rainfalls that they often have. The cable is fastened around the car and another car coming down acts as a balance to the one coming up. The cable slips along in wheels very smoothly.

Through Mr. Cooper's kind thoughtfulness there was a bench placed for us out on the front platform, so nothing obstructed the view. "It always rains on the Serra," somebody had said, "and when it doesn't rain it's foggy." This pessimistic remark was not encouraging, so you can imagine how pleased we were to have a beautiful clear morning that gave us a magnificent view down the great green valleys and over the range of mountains. All the interior of Brazil that we have seen has been hilly, gently rolling like an ocean of verdure, the green always bright and fresh. Creeping things run riot, while orchids, those lovely freaks of the flower kingdom, with all sorts of parasites, hang thick upon the trees. The soil is everywhere a beautiful rose-red, which stands out vividly against the green. Perhaps the time is nearing when all this land will be

tilled, as it is in many states of North America.

On our way to Santos, as we were slowly sliding up and down those slanting tracks which, for the first time, at least, are a little awesome, I remarked: "Well, I am always glad to be in English hands, for I feel safe in them. They are a little slow in England, perhaps, but sure." And F—replied: "Well, I'd rather go a little faster and lose my life occasionally." I laughed till I nearly fell off my bench into space.

We were fortunate in meeting on the way to Santos a Mr. Bueno, a wealthy coffee merchant, who was educated in the States at Tufts College. By the way, the train which left San Paulo at seven twenty A. M. was full of business men who have their homes in San Paulo and go all the way to Santos every day to look after business. Mr. Bueno was very kind and asked us around to have a cup of Brazilian coffee with him, made just as it should be. It was very fine, too, clear and of a good flavor, the best we have had in Brazil. There is a wicked Brazilian proverb which says that good coffee should be as strong as the devil, as black as ink, as hot as hell, and



BAMBOO AT PALERMO PARK, BUENOS AIRES

as sweet as love. They brown coffee very differently from our method, however, roasting it until it is almost black, though not burned, and then powdering it. This gives it a peculiar flavor which I do not like as well as ours. Mr. Bueno gave us a box of roasted coffee and a box of the powdered, which we'll try in America. I examined the coffee-pot to see how they make it, and was much surprised. They must use three or four times as much coffee as we do to a cup, so their method would not appeal to the frugal housewife. The powdered coffee is put in the top of a double boiler, the bottom part of this top being perforated, of course. The water is then put underneath and allowed to boil until the coffee is made. It rises in steam and filters back, bringing the coffee flavor with it, no water being poured through the coffee.

Great vessels were at the wharf in Santos receiving their loads of coffee, the huge bags lifted and carried by the stalwart blacks as easily as bags of sawdust. The houses in Santos, in true Brazilian style, were in all the prismatic colors of the rainbow.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

At last we have shaken the dust, or mud, of Brazil off our shoes, and because of it are the two happiest souls afloat on the Atlantic. The moist heat, rains, the mosquitoes, fleas and poor hotels will try the most philosophical temperaments, and ours have been tested from the very first day. At the end of three weeks we were ready to go and never, never return. I must not say that, for it would mean no more of San Paulo, and that would be a pity. The recollection of our visit there is one of the pleasantest that hangs on memory's walls, and will be for many years. We shall wish to return there, but leave out the rest of Brazil. Oh, how glad we were to see Rio for the first time! How we have enjoyed its beauty, and how glad we were to get away from it!

We are lazily slipping along in the southern Atlantic again towards Montevideo, on board the



UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL AT LA PLATA

Magdalena, a ship so like the Thames that the old groove in my brain still responds and I'm always walking into the wrong cabin, thinking it the one I had coming down to Rio. The ship is cleaner and more attractive, the passengers likable, though in so short a time we shall not get to know them well. I have had some chats with a missionary of the Southern Methodist Church stationed at Rosario, a sweet-faced woman who has interested me in her work in her girls' school. She says she has a mixture of nationalities, almost all of Europe being represented, as well as the Argentinos and Creoles. I have been wishing for an opportunity to look up "Creole" in the Century Dictionary, for, although I have looked it up half a dozen times in the past, its exact meaning always slips from me. Down here they call a person with European father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, who is born in South America, a Creole. The girls who come to the school, the missionary says, seem quite as bright as the ordinary child with us, and will learn history, geography, grammar, anything which requires memory, page after page; but

arithmetic or any study which calls for reasoning is almost beyond them. She has a great many Italian girls of the better class, Italians having thronged to the countries on The Plate, as they say down here, meaning the countries that border La Plata River—Uruguay, Paraguay and the Argentine, as well as Brazil. One of our passengers is a retired lieutenant-colonel of the English army, tall, slim and soldierly, with a kind, handsome face. His steamer coats are done in the most remarkable black and white checks that I have ever seen. We find that he intends making the same journey that we do across the Andes and up the west coast to North America, only he has been urging us to go up through some Central American or Mexican port to the City of Mexico and on to the States. The colonel is unmarried, and is traveling all over the world for pleasure.

I am promising myself a grand overhauling of my effects at Buenos Aires, things having been so mixed up by repeated fumigations. How one hates to see or touch his woollens in this hot region! Passengers from Rio for anywhere by



MUSEUM OF LA PLATA

rail or sea are watched for all sorts of objectionable diseases, sometimes quarantined, and their baggage always taken away and fumigated for hours. We have had no exceptionally unfortunate results from this process of fumigation, except the wear and tear of spirit and that everything comes out of our trunks and bags sadly wrinkled. Once at Petropolis they broke a bottle in my hand satchel, making a horrid mess of veils, gloves, precious neck ribbons and all my best feminine frippery.

We had an extra fine dinner last evening and, if we should not go to Lima and so fail to have a ride over that wonderful Lima and Oroya railway, I can be consoled, for I went over it all and more in my dreams last night, crossing the loftiest bridges, whizzing around the most startling curves, mounting the steepest grades I have ever seen; all my friends ought to have taken this remarkable journey with me. F—, after the same dinner, eloped with me (at this late day!), dragging me back and forth up a great mountain-side, with my irate father leaping from crag to crag in hot pursuit. After such adventures and

flights, it is hard to come back to the morning and the time we arrived off Montevideo, where we were apparently as much at sea as ever, only the water was of a muddy yellow color, indicating that it was fresh. We were in the broad mouth of La Plata River, but couldn't see land on either side. Montevideo means "I see the mountain," but not a mountain was in sight. The River Plate they call it down here (such an ugly name for the Silver River), and they speak of going down to the Plate or coming up from the Plate, meaning any part along La Plata River. After a while we came up to Flores Island, the quarantine station, where they took off the Montevideo passengers, while we steamed on till we were alongside the city.

Though some distance away, the city looked inviting, and we longed to land, but were not allowed to. We had simply dragged down from Rio de Janeiro, because they will not have passengers from there landed in the Argentine under five days, and it was no use to arrive any sooner. A stiff, cold breeze was blowing and the lighters that came out tossed about frightfully as they



THE AVENIDA, BUENOS AIRES

unloaded the Montevideo freight, coffee and sugar principally. Late that evening we steamed away, and next morning at daybreak we were ready to enter the canal which leads up to the city of La Plata, the capital of the Argentine Republic. We were up, packed and ready to leave the ship with our hats on at seven o'clock in the morning, and we never landed till four in the afternoon! Only imagine how fidgety it made us to be moored alongside the dock all that time and not be allowed to set foot on it. The quarantine is really a serious affair down here. A steamer of the French line had been near us all the way down, first ahead and then behind, and we were all very much elated when by a clever move our pilot beat her into the canal, where the rule is, first come first served.

The fine docks along the Ensenada Canal were nearly empty and the immense warehouses had only a handful of merchandise in them, for La Plata, you know, is a deserted city, one of the most gigantic failures in history. Some one conceived the idea of building this new city forty miles below Buenos Aires as a new capital of the

Argentine Republic. It was laid out on a grand scale, with boulevards, plazas and a large park, and millions of dollars put into it: the port alone was to cost fifteen millions, but it did not succeed. Its collapse caused the great failure of Baring Brothers, the London bankers, as you probably will recall. The public buildings were on a grand scale, a government palace, a palace of justice, a museum, library, national bank, observatory, and so on, with handsome residences, too. At one time it had a population of forty thousand. At present it is abandoned, desolate, the shops deserted, the houses empty, a burst bubble, a melancholy spectacle. There is a fine opera house there which was never opened, and you can rent a palatial house on a grass-grown street for ten dollars a year. The electric lighting of La Plata was to be a wonder—night turned into day. Only the museum is occupied now, and that with fossils, a noteworthy collection of skeletons of extinct monsters found everywhere beneath the surface of the great pampas—the megatherium, the giant armadillo, huge elephants and other creatures horrible for size.



ARGENTINE MILKMAIDS

The government requires all its officials to have a residence in La Plata, and in consequence they rent houses down there and never occupy them, but give them into the hands of a care-taker, going back and forth from Buenos Aires themselves when necessary.

As we rode up by rail that March day from the Silver River to the city of Good Airs, the country reminded me in many ways of Illinois and other western prairie states. It was level, there were wide stretches of pasture, and we saw many ripened fields of corn; March there corresponds to our September. At one time this whole pampas, two thousand miles in length and five hundred in width, had no trees upon it except here and there a low ombú, good only for shade. But now, as in our west, clumps and groves of trees here and there mark the *estancias*, or farms. Like our prairies, it requires but the turning of the soil to make it ready to till. There were horses and colts innumerable in the pastures, but I did not see many cattle. The country everywhere, in contrast to the city, is called "the camp," from the Spanish *el Campo*, so going

into the country is always going into the camp. While the herding of cattle and horses is a great industry, the wheat crop is also a large and increasing one.

Buenos Aires is a fine city, the largest Spanish-speaking city in South America, and remarkable in more ways than one, when you think of its being away down here in the southern hemisphere where nearly everything must be brought by sea. The city is laid out in squares, the houses of the usual Spanish stucco type, and most of the streets are quite narrow. The tramways take up so much room in the narrow streets that the drivers toot a tune as they come to each corner to warn other drivers of their approach. In the Avenida Mayo, the best street, the French style of buildings of uniform height, the rows of trees, the cafés with their sidewalk tables, the handsome shops and those little islands of refuge that save your life when crossing the crowded streets, all strongly suggest the boulevards of Paris. The Florida is the fashionable shopping street, a small Rue de la Paix, and the handsome Argentine women are evidently good patrons of the lovely high-priced



A FARMER OF THE ARGENTINE

things in the shops. Nothing seems to be low-priced in this country except the horses. You can buy some sort of a steed for two dollars and a half, and a fairly good riding horse for eight dollars. There are really "beggars on horseback" in the Argentine. Polite, courteous beggars, too. Carriage-riding can also be done in Buenos Aires at delightfully low prices, and the city is full of vehicles of every description. On Sunday every one drives to Palermo, the fashionable park of the city. There are miles and miles of well-paved streets, asphalt and block, of the native iron-wood, that have all been made in the last six or seven years and are still in perfect condition. There is a wonder of a railway station with marble entrance hall, and a beautiful water-works building with outer walls encased in Doulton tile, built, of course, in the boom period. There is an interesting Paraguayan lace in the shops here, netted of filmy thread and very expensive. It is said to be manufactured mostly by the nuns in convents, and I remember seeing an exhibit of it at the Chicago Exposition.

We have had some interesting callers, there

being many North Americans in Buenos Aires; one, Mrs. E—, is at the head of a training school for kindergarten teachers, and was a pioneer in the work down here. The kindergarten schools in all the Argentine are free, which is a step ahead of some parts of our own country. Political intrigues here, however, constantly bring unexpected difficulties to the schools. Mrs. E— is a lovely woman, and has been most kind, inviting us to her house, to her kindergarten, and again to a tea, where we met a number of Americans who have interests in this city, two Indiana brothers owning the leading dry goods house.

The housekeepers all around may be interested to know that I have very much enjoyed a simple addition to scrambled eggs that they serve here: little cubes of buttered toast stirred right in with the eggs; you chew up the crisp little lumps with much the same pleasure that you do hickory-nut kernels in a cake; each one is a find. I must tell you, too, something about the *yerba mate*, the national drink of South America, for I have already grown very fond of it, and the after effect seems harmless. The *yerba* is a low-growing



THE SOLDIER'S LEAP

bush, and the *mate* is made from its dried leaves and twigs, a discovery of the Jesuit missionaries, it is said. In serving it there is just one small gourd or silver cup used for a whole family group, successive fillings with hot water only improving the flavor, the decoction being sipped slowly through a long tube called a *bombilla*, having a bulbous end with holes in it. After the boiling water is first poured on the powdered yerba, the cup is passed to the most important person present or to the honored guest; then after a sip it goes on from one to another, the gourd being filled up with boiling water as required, and sometimes another pinch of fresh yerba added. So it goes on its round again and again, no one ever expecting to get his fill at any one time. The taste is not unpleasant even at first; something between licorice, cocoa, and Garfield tea, and I can't help thinking they get the material for the latter down here, yerba being very cheap.

The G—s also called and took me to a wedding at the American church, which I quite enjoyed, for my heart still beats a little faster to

the strains of the wedding march. With them we also heard Bishop McCabe lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," and, with the large audience present, were quite captivated by the Bishop's witty discourse. F— says that this country needs some good North American banks, but, bless my soul, how I would dread, for any financial gains whatever, to expatriate myself and live in one of these far-away lands.

The weather here is perfect, just like some of our beautiful October days; the hotel, too, is good, with fine large rooms about a hundred times as big as a ship's cabin. We are thoroughly relishing the delicious Argentine grapes, sweet and juicy as any from California, and now at their best.

To-morrow we start on the long-talked-of trip across the Andes. We call this departure starting for home. Hooray! From the time we left Lisbon we have been asking how long it took to make the journey across and have received no two answers alike, the length of time varying from two weeks to five days. Now we learn from official source that it can be done in three



ADOBE HOUSE AND WALL IN THE ANDES

days. This is the last continent F— has to visit in the interests of his business. This completes the chain, so we are going away with light hearts. I wish I could say the same of our baggage; just the extra weight to Valparaiso costs thirty gold dollars. It might be worse, however, and you can't expect a company to carry weighty baggage by such a difficult route without paying well for it. Our tickets were a hundred and twenty-five dollars each, in paper worth forty-two cents to the dollar. We have been wondering all along what the cost of this unusual journey would be, and are pleased to find that it is no greater. We have given ourselves into the hands of the Villa Longa Express Company, the Cooks of the Argentine, which sells us a through ticket and sees that we arrive in safety with our baggage in good order. It's a very satisfactory way for us, since we know nothing of the country and its customs. As I said, it only takes three days now from ocean to ocean, by railway, coach and mule-back, and we expect to arrive in Valparaiso on Friday. Good Friday it is, and I suppose the rest of the week will be a holiday. We may run back on the

LWC

spur of railway to Santiago for a visit of a day or two. Our English colonel has gone up the Parana to Asuncion and will not be back till the seventh, so we leave him behind here, expecting him to catch up with us in Chili. We are both tanned brown and expect to be browner before we reach the Pacific coast. *Hasta la Vista.*



REFUGE HOUSE IN THE ANDES

CHAPTER IX

ACROSS THE ANDES

What a blessing the cable is! You must have the news this evening that we are alive and on the Pacific side of the Andes, while F—, too, has had word from home that business is good. We have had a glorious but nerve-and-muscle-racking experience in crossing the Andes, and right glad we are to have come through without mishap and be landed safe among the belligerent Chilians, here at Valparaiso. Our party kept dwindling and dwindling, even strong men feeling the need of stopping for rest, so that toward the last there were but seven of us, and I the only woman. We shall stay in Valparaiso for a three days' rest. By that time all weariness will have passed and we'll be gay as larks again, remembering only the glory and grandeur of the Andes. The weather could not have been better, clear moonlit skies at night and cloudless skies

by day, so we came over with a maximum of enjoyment and a minimum of discomfort. And now we want to tell you of the trip, and you will be obliged to listen; or shall we have to hire listeners, as the traveled young man did in Stockton's amusing *House of Martha*?

The long shed of the Retiro station at Buenos Aires is a busy place from nine thirty until ten the evening that the through Pacific train leaves for Mendoza, at the foot of the mountains. This train runs only three times a week, so the departure is more of an event than an ordinary, every-day train. There were a number of pretty Argentine señoritas down to see their friends off, wearing the gay Frenchy costumes which they like, and I sat watching their bright black eyes and dramatic gestures with a great deal of pleasure. Mr. E— handed me a parcel at the station, which, when opened, proved to be a fine large cake. I declare that cake just saved our lives on the long journey across the plains! By ten o'clock the last good-by to our hospitable friends was of necessity said, and we rolled away, soon leaving the city lights behind us. The moon,

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which in the first quarter had hung wrong side out in this southern sky, has now become full and looks like itself again. It shone beautifully clear, and dimmed the radiance of the fair southern cross, which so grows in one's affection as it becomes familiar.

The Pullman sleeping cars of the Argentine are not as luxurious as our so-called palace cars of the States, showing much less effort in the way of upholstery and elaboration. But this was not to be regretted, and they give you a comfortable bed which answers the purpose very well. The trains make only fair time, not more than twenty miles an hour, I should say. You may look all over the world and you will not find any one who will take his own time like a Spaniard, and that blood is in the Argentino in spite of his enterprise.

Early next morning I peeped curiously out at the new and strange landscape. Bless me, what a flat country! Flat as Holland; flatter even, if possible. Not an object to break the eye's long sweep to the horizon. Grass and sky, sky and grass, not even a stone as big as an egg for the

small boy's diversion. I rubbed my eyes and felt relieved after a few minutes to see some cattle grazing; far-away dots they were, but they relieved a great lonesome stretch of country. A little later we arrived at Furino, a half-grown awkward town with low one-story brick and mud buildings, set unevenly about. Among the station loungers were a number of dark-skinned rough fellows with curious loose boots that came half-way to the knees, and carrying whips with silver-mounted handles. These are the gauchos or cowboys of South America. All day long we rode through this level country, fertile, it seems, but mostly undeveloped. There was nothing to break the monotony, only the green tussocks of pampas sending up occasionally their plumed, waving spikes, the coarse, low grass growing as far as the eye could see. Occasionally there were groups of cattle and horses, often their bleaching bones, and sometimes a far-away clump of trees would indicate an *estancia*, as they call a South American ranch or farm, where trees are always planted.

The building of a railroad could not be more



A SHELTER

simple and inexpensive than over this vast tract, where the slight slope to the Andes is so gradual that it is imperceptible, neither river, hill nor valley to stop the track's monotonous stretch or give it a winding course. I wonder if there is another railway in the world as long and straight and level. The villages we passed, with their miserable huts, were most forlorn, though before many years this part of the Argentine is likely to be irrigated and tilled, but the present inhabitants certainly fight against odds for existence. In the evening the landscape grew a little rougher, and we had a glimpse of the scrubby brush and low hills hinting of the mountains to come before the darkness closed down. In the morning we were at Mendoza with just time for a breakfast before we took the narrow-gage train of the Transandine Railway, which runs up through the cleft made by the Mendoza River. The little cramped coaches were crowded, and we sent up a prayer that this large-sized company was not all bound for Chili, a prayer which was answered, for a number were starting for the hunting of guanacos and vicuñas in the mountains, others for

some baths farther up the railway, and by the time we got to Punta de Vacas, the end of the railway, only about forty were left for the mountain journey. Almost all of these had put their fate in the hands of the Villa Longa Company, which sells you the convenient through tickets from ocean to ocean.

The second morning at Mendoza the whole sky was covered with what seemed like heavy gray clouds, except for a narrow bright rim at the horizon, which reassured us somewhat, and indeed before we were an hour on our way the rising sun had rolled this low-lying mist away as if by a magic wand, and a sky of clearest, purest blue hung over us. When we had left the fertile valley of Mendoza, with its tall poplars, corn-fields, and vineyards, we ran through desolate sandy wastes along the shallow bed of the stream directly toward the mountains. Finally we came so near it seemed we must run plump into them if we continued our journey; but no, at the last moment we slipped into a gorge, where the gaunt stone precipices rose in dizzy heights above our puffing, straining little train, as it climbed stead-



USPALLATA LAKE

ily and slowly along the winding course of the river, first to one side and then to the other, clinging to the great cliffs and crossing on high bridges the dashing torrent far below. After a time the gorge widened into a narrow valley, where for hours we mounted, mounted, still following the narrow stream's course between gaunt, timberless, massive mountains of stone, fascinating and awesome. It seems that this valley, with its giant slopes, must be an avenue of the gods. No hint of tiny, puny human life on these gaunt, tremendous slopes. A part of their solemn charm was the variety of coloring, and we never tired of watching the contrasting shapes and shades of these great foothills clear up to the beautiful line of snow, which began to peep in shining glory above their somber heads. Occasionally a scant brush clung to the slopes, but for the most part they were bare, naked granite and mineral rock, and more inscrutable and impressive for their lack of vegetation and life, their oppressive loneliness.

Some of the mountains were twisted in lava shapes, burning with the colors of the crucible;

it seemed they might have been molten only yesterday. Others had hardened into stone that shone white in the sunlight, while just beyond in the vista would be a mighty peak that glowed dull red. A splendid company they are, the great mountains that lead the way to the Uspallata Pass, the forerunners of the eternal snows, which have ever for me a breathless, indescribable charm. How sweet, how gloriously pure the air blows over the peaks and snows! What a wonderful experience it is to climb to these great heights, where the snow-crested mountains stand for ever in lonely grandeur and centuries pass as days! How rare and exciting to penetrate the only narrow path across the great Cordilleras of the Andes, which extend in such a marvelous unbroken line from north to south of a continent!

At Punta de Vacas, the present end of the railway, there was a beautiful natural bridge, bubbling warm springs called Champagne, and baths in the side of the cliff, grotto-like. The bridge was formed by huge stalactite formations, beneath which the Cuevas River has cut its way for countless centuries. There was a good-sized



CREST OF ACOUCAGUA

hotel here for invalids, and an Englishman, steaming away in one of the baths, said he could not walk when he came, but was now almost well.

Toward sunset we came to a lower mountain, which blocked the end of the Inca Valley, and there we found mules awaiting us. We went up a zigzag path, looking back to the splendid wide valley where the sun was throwing its last red beams, then over the mountain we looked forward into the higher valley of Las Cuevas.

"I am not going to wash my face till I get to Valparaiso, and you shall not either." This remarkable determination by F— is explained when I tell you that a man familiar with the journey had warned us not to use the snow water of the mountains, and assured us that an unwashed skin stood the snow, glare and wind much better than a washed one.

Oh, how cold we were when we rose at half-past five at Las Cuevas! "We will start at six," our driver said. "It is much warmer then than it is later." This was another curious statement for which there was also an explanation. In the early morning about sunrise there is less wind

than later, and it is by all means advisable to go over the Cumbre when there is no wind. The wind is always bitter cold, and sometimes a veritable hurricane sweeps through the gap against which the mules can not mount. Mules and men must crouch against the earth until the wind's violence is past.

The route up to the Cuevas lies over a perfectly barren lower mountain, which blocks the end of the valley and fills what would otherwise be a lower passage through to the Chilian side. At one time a wagon-road was completed from railway to railway, but the winter storms have destroyed it in many places and necessitated the mule trails again. The trail zigzags up the mountain-side, and when our party was set a-winding up the slope we looked like nothing so much as ants crawling up a mound of sand. A superannuated mule with no harness, a bell around his neck, was the pilot, leading the way, and the other mules following. I felt most unhappy when any of the baggage-laden mules came near me, for they were loaded well out on each side and were only particular about finding a place



VALPARAISO, CHILE

for themselves, giving no thought to the scraping-off possibilities of their wide loads or to the nerves of travelers. Our irrepressible English friend, Mr. R—, convulsed us by speaking in tones and terms of affectionate praise to his ill-looking mule, calling him "Beauty," "Beauty," "Good Mule," and "Baby," when we were following along a narrow, precipitous path, then lambasting him soundly on more level and less dangerous stretches. It was not at all a bad journey up, though a little frightful to look back over our steep path. The sun was getting well up, there was no wind, and, laden as we were with woolens and coats and over them heavy *ponchos*, the convenient and picturesque outer garment of the country, we did not suffer from the cold. Neither did we suffer from puna, the mountain sickness, fortunately, though we were now at a height of eleven thousand feet above the ocean level.

They who have a really perilous journey and suffer great hardship are the brave fellows who, in the winter, when the pass is filled with ice and snow, take the mails regularly across the mountains. Sometimes a life is lost in the attempt.

There are queer little *casuchas*, or shelters, built for them along the way, which look like the old-fashioned brick ovens of our grandmothers. These have rounded tops, enormously thick walls, are strongly braced with iron to withstand avalanches, and have no light or air except from the low door and a small opening in the top. Life in them, shut up for days, as sometimes happens, must be the reverse of pleasant.

At the summit of the Cuevas we stopped to have sensations, realizing that we were on the boundary between the Argentine and Chili. When we were talking about the weather in the morning Mr. R— had said, "It is sure to be Chili on the other side." And so it was, Chili and chilly, for we were in the western shadows and the sunbeams had not yet reached us, so we shook with the cold. We stood looking for a little while at the beautiful vista of snow mountains to the right and snow mountains to the left, a grand panorama of a lonely, lifeless region: utter solitude and barrenness, the land of the sky. Then we began the descent. Below us lay a valley so deep that one caught one's breath in look-



A CHILENO BEAUTY

ing down into it, all shut in by the mountains that glowed in many colors, the hues of a painter's palette spilled on the earth. All day we descended these splendid valleys, down, down, down, thinking we saw the end of one only to have a new one open before us. The sound of mountain torrents was ever in our ears, rushing eagerly and swiftly to the Pacific, as those of the east to the Atlantic. These water-paths had made it possible to pierce the Cordilleras. The scenery on the Chilian side was finer than the Argentine, the mountains being yet more massive and richer in color. As we came winding down to a little group of buildings that lay far, far beneath us, we could see lying under the snow of the mountains a clear lake, as green as the sky above was blue. It was the Uspallata Lake, one of the highest in the world, and surely the loneliest, no bush or bird or tree about it. The region around it must at some age have been torn in mighty convulsions, for the purple rocks twist and turn as if they had bubbled in a caldron and been tossed madly out. Down again we went, over a last wicked hill, where the descent was most unpleas-

antly steep, the footing loose and the stones slippery, to El Portillo, where we found carriages waiting for us. The wagon-road lay curved below us like a great coiled snake, and our three mountain horses whisked us down in a jiffy through the dust to Juncal, where we had our second meal of the day, about two o'clock. It seemed incredible that we had left Las Cuevas only eight hours ago, so much had been crowded into those hours. Again we took carriages and were driven down another valley, which began to show traces of vegetation all the way to Salto de Soldado. The horses tore down the good but dusty road at a gallop, and after a mad ride of an hour we were at the other end of the Transandine Railway. We washed our faces once more, fidgeted for two hours, and then took the train for Santa Rosa and Valparaiso.



A STREET CAR OF VALPARAISO, WITH WOMAN CONDUCTOR

CHAPTER X

ON THE PACIFIC

This April day, the middle of autumn down here, we are homeward bound, although we are making slow progress. We came into Iquique on the steamship Mapocho yesterday morning, and as I write, at half-past eight this evening, we are still coaling. *Car-rr-amba! Car-rr-amba!* That is not a wicked oath, as I thought at first, but a quiet, genteel and musical way of saying in Spanish, "Botheration! O dear!" You know how disagreeable a ship is when she is taking on coal, and you can imagine that we are impatient at having to wait forty-eight hours in a dull port. How we need the *paciencia* of the languorous Chilians! These west Pacific steamships are very slow, for they still combine the freight and passenger service and make many long stops, but they are not uncomfortable, and we must accept the inevitable with philosophy and thus enjoy

our long trip up to San Francisco. Yes, San Francisco. For we have now decided to come home that way. Some Valparaiso acquaintances gave us such an unfavorable report of the line from Panama to New York that we decided to go the long way round. We're sure to enjoy the interesting Central American ports, only at this stage of our journey we are beginning to have enough of sailing and would like a direct route for home. At Callao, the port of Lima, we shall take the Palena, the best boat on the line. If you believe me, I have not had enough of South America, and am glad we are to see old Lima and have a trip over the wonderful Oroya Railway, the highest in the world. I am hungry for all I can get of the splendid Andean scenery, and I'd like nothing better than to take the difficult journey into La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, and to Quito; but it's always better to leave something for next time, and it would take months more to see all of this west coast.

Valparaiso, the Vale of Paradise, could only be such to those of extraordinary climbing ability. The City of Stairsteps would be appropriate,



PLAZA, SANTIAGO

for it is built up and down such steep, high cliffs, the little crowded houses barely sticking to the walls, with an occasional yard about the size of a door-mat that is kept in place by high walls of masonry. There are tiny zigzag paths called "climbs," which are the principal means of communication, though there are a few lifts from the lower to the upper town. The ever-debatable question among the people is as to which level is safer in times of the frequently recurring earthquakes. The Spanish, in their love of ease, prefer the lower town and wonder why the Germans and English and other foreigners care to exert themselves by such strenuous climbing, while the foreigners will not risk being engulfed by a tidal wave. The tidal wave would probably sweep away the lower, while the earth would open up and swallow the upper town in a convulsion.

We walked on the public promenade in the moonlight of Good Friday night to get a glimpse of the pretty Chilian girls in their gay gowns. The poor women always wear the black, shawl-like *mantos* in graceful folds about the head and

body, and black is always the prevailing color for church service.

The great Aconcagua is in view at Valparaiso, though many miles away. It lifts its snowy crest twenty-five thousand feet high. The Uspallata Pass, through which we had come, lies between it and another great peak, the Tupungato.

One of the oldest railroads of South America takes you to Santiago, the capital of Chili, one hundred and fifteen miles from Valparaiso with a gradual rise from the coast level to the height of eighteen hundred feet.

The city is regularly laid out with wide, well-paved streets, covers a large area, and is said to have an equable and charming climate. Near the upper end of the town is a rocky hill, really a peak eight hundred feet high, called Cerro de Santa Lucia, which has been made into a beautiful park with winding drives and interesting paths which lead over many small bridges and under waterfalls, gradually ascending until the summit is reached, where there is a beautiful view of the city with the magnificent snow-capped Andes in the background. They appear so close that you



A HACIENDADO

get a good effect of the tremendous height. In this little park is an astronomical observatory and historical museum. A little farther down in the city is the National Library, the richest in South America in books relating to American History.

The Plaza Independencia is quite imposing, and not like those of other large South American cities. In the center is a handsome marble fountain, and on the sides are the municipal buildings, fine shops and the largest cathedral in Chili.

The capitol is an imposing structure of two stories, with rows of great columns, built of brick with the exterior of yellow stucco. In front is a small park which was formerly the site of the Jesuits' Church which was burned December eighth, 1868. This was caused by a lighted candle setting fire to some of the altar trimmings. The dreadful accident happened early in the evening during a special service for commemorating one of the saints' days when the church was filled mostly with women, and it is said that over two thousand lost their lives!

Our journey up from Valparaiso has been almost in the shadow of the desert coast range,

beautiful in the rich, warm shades of sand and rock, and especially so at sunset, when all is lighted gloriously. Along almost the whole of this western coast is a desert strip about one hundred miles wide; all the rains fall east of the great Andes Range or in its inner valleys. It never rains here. Strangely enough, Iquique, where we are now, is the second port of Chili in size, and it owes its existence entirely to the nitrate fields. The city is a flat, forlorn affair, though thriving, built directly on the desert. They bring fresh water one hundred and fifty miles to it. The whole place has a wild-west appearance and is a great curiosity to me. The harbor is full of big sailing vessels, which will carry the nitrate to all parts of the world. It is used, I believe, for a fertilizer and for making high-grade explosives. This nitrate of soda is found in all colors of the rainbow, but when chemically treated for market it all turns white. The inexhaustible nitrate beds lie back of the coast range in the first low valley, and the Iquique is the center of the industry.

The Chilians are called the Yankees of South



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SANTIAGO

America, and from what we have seen we feel that they are a great deal more energetic than their neighbors. We hear that many English and Americans have made fortunes here. There are silver mines as well, and the old silver in the markets is interesting. In troublous times, the people, instead of putting their silver in the banks, make it into household utensils, plates, cups, bowls, even stirrups. I delighted my heart to-day with a charming little *mate* cup (pronounced mahtay), from which I shall hereafter take my *mate* in luxurious style. Sometimes its taste reminds me of the licorice root we used to chew on the way to school. I shall take some of the yerba home with me, and I learn that I can get more in the States.

We had some good sea-food to-day, clams and crabs, at Cabancha, a pretty resort built out over the water, with beautiful views all around. Iquique is pronounced ee-kee-kay. The name seems to have been struck by an upheaving earthquake. There are some pleasant traveling companions for us on board the Mapocho, Mr. Beauclerc, the British Minister to Peru; a clever young

Frenchman, Monsieur Barth, who comes frequently to Peru and Chili on business and knows all about the history and customs; and then there is a charming young couple, a Mr. and Mrs. R—. Mr. R— had an American father and a Chilian mother, and Mrs. R— was a Chilian girl. When we are all together it is funny to hear us pass Spanish, French and English around till all understand.

The fleas are just chewing me up, taking course dinners on me right along and never touching F—. He says all sorts of smooth things about their good taste, but the fact that they revel on me is one that nobody regrets more than I. The same colony seems to have pursued me ever since it first joined me in Brazil.

We landed at Pisco, going off in a small boat to the handsome long pier. Here was the first vegetation to gladden our eyes after the long journey along the desert coast, and the sight of a few waving palms reminded us that we were returning to the tropics. The sun beat down with force, but there was a fresh sea breeze. Indeed, the weather along this coast is irreproachable at



PRIVATE RESIDENCE, SANTIAGO

this season. This wonderful Pacific is beautifully serene and smiling and the sky a lovely blue, but those who are poor sailors complain of the continual rolling of the ship.

There is Pisco harbor and Pisco proper, with hardly a choice between them for dust and desolation. We wandered along the empty street bordering the harbor, looking for something to buy. Our first purchase was, I regret to say, a jug of the famous Pisco brandy, which is made from grapes and is as clear and colorless as water, with a flavor, too, which makes it a souvenir worth having. This brandy is put up in native earthen jars, shaped a little like the bowl of a clay pipe, some of them enormous, standing four feet high when upright and stacked together. It is an unwieldy and curious receptacle for liquor, easily broken, no doubt, and so shaped that it will not stand up without a prop. Our small jar, which we hope to carry home intact, will be a real curiosity to our friends who have never seen one.

The port of Pisco is connected with the city proper by a tramway, whose rolling stock con-

sists of one car drawn by two little mules, who amble back and forth, steered by a darky driver. The low, scattered houses along the way have no roofs, only bamboo screens to shut out the sun above, the only intruder from that direction, never any rain or mist. The blank adobe walls have occasional doors, and if there is anything of beauty or cheer in the place, it is kept for the *patios*. Even the verdure, that owes its existence to irrigation, is rather painful to see. It suggests a precarious struggle for life on the part of the growing things, and the desolate dust as dry as a bone intrudes everywhere! And the people, bless me, what a strange collection! A few well-to-do, well-brushed and attractive men among the nondescript people, wearing the finely-woven, broad-brimmed Panama hats, which, by the way, come principally from Guayaquil. "You'll not find any Panama hats in Panama," some one said to me! Isn't it strange how persistently an article of commerce will take the name of a place it does not come from? Most India rubber comes from Brazil, most Peruvian bark from Bolivia, most Panama hats from Ecua-



GOING TO MASS

dor, and so on through the list. We are becoming accustomed to the many-shaded complexions of the South Americans, but it is especially curious to note the traces of Indian blood among the common people of the region, just as we noted the features of the negroes in many lighter-skinned folk on the east coast, but Peru reserves still another surprise. In Pisco a funny little fat youngster about three years old came up to me and stood staring at me with wide-open eyes. I was quite as much of a curiosity to him as he to me, and that turn of affairs always amuses me. This urchin stood gazing at me as if fascinated, and as I looked down at him good-humoredly, my glance taking in his round, brown face and little black eyes, I suddenly gave a start. Where had I seen before such features, such beady, black, slanting eyes? In Chinese babies, as I live, nowhere else! Yes, if you will believe it, my small admirer or my critic, I shall never know which, had a mixture of Chinese and negro blood, an oddity indeed, but which is to be found frequently in Peru. Before I left Pisco I saw many, many faces that showed the Chinese strain.

When we inquired for a hotel we were told that the only ones in Pisco town were Chinese, and we hastily decided to go back to the Mapocho for lunch. It seems that the Chinese were brought over from their country twenty or thirty years ago by an envoy, under contract to work in the cane fields, and once in the country they were reduced to a state of abject slavery, being chained together and driven in gangs to their work. After a while their condition became the subject of legislation, the abuses were done away with and they were freed, but they remain to-day the very lowest stratum of society, despised by the Peruvians and living only by the most menial work. In Pisco I saw the dragon-backed roofs and characteristic portal of the Chinese temple, and in Lima, I believe, there is a Chinese quarter like that in San Francisco.

The ubiquitous old Spanish cathedral with its open bell towers fronting the ubiquitous Plaza was not without interest, but we liked better the shambling market, where we found the old crones of the place hovering over little booths of fruit which looked exceedingly tempting to our



SELLING ALLIGATOR PEARS

sharpened appetites. There were bananas, apples, pomegranates, mangoes, alligator pears, fresh dates, oranges, plums, yuccas, melons, grapes, all deliciously fresh and deliciously cheap. We carried away a famous lot of them, and I am enjoying the mangoes and alligator pears to my heart's content. We have seen none of these since we left them behind in this same latitude over in Brazil. The mango is a smooth yellow fruit like a great plum, which has a peculiar aromatic taste that is most tempting. Its detractors say it has a flavor of turpentine, but I think there is no fruit that surpasses it unless it is the acid-sweet mangostine of the Orient. The skin has a strong flavor and must be carefully removed, when the golden juicy pulp, which clings to a large stone, makes the finest eating of the tropics. Like the watermelon, let me whisper, it will be most thoroughly enjoyed in a bath-tub or behind the barn door. The alligator pear or palta is a green, deadly-looking affair, but when cut apart and the big round stone removed, the brownish flesh of the fruit is very good. It has a decided nut flavor and with a bit of sugar and ice is a real delicacy.

One of our passengers from Molendo is a baby vicugna, the cunningest little fellow with yellow furry back, slender legs, long neck and big bright eyes. He raises his slim ears and sniffs the air like a deer. The vicugna is a goat-like animal of this region, prized for his soft skin, the prey of the hunter. At Iquique we saw many robes of yellow vicugna skin and heard that fine chinchilla is also found in the interior. The llama, a big cousin of the vicugna, is a pack animal of the Andes, coming over the mountains in great caravans from Bolivia. They bring light loads, however, for this ungainly animal is the only one which I know that determines just how much he will carry and sticks to it in spite of all man's efforts to the contrary. He will submit to a small load, from sixty to one hundred pounds, but if more is put on he lies down and nothing under the sun will induce him to move until his pack is lightened. He defends himself, too, by vicious kicks and, like the vicugna, has a very reprehensible habit of spitting upon those who torment him.



LLAMAS

CHAPTER XI

THE CITY OF PIZARRO

Our first thought on arriving at Lima was not so much of the picturesque old city of Pizarro itself as of arranging for a ride over the wonderful Lima and Oroya Railway, officially known as the Ferrocarril Central del Peru, of which so much has been said and written, probably the most marvelous example of railroad engineering in existence, as well as the most expensive road to build. It is the triumph of an American, Mr. Henry Meiggs, a practical engineer as well as a man of resources, though the thought of its possibility originated in a Peruvian mind. It cost a lot of men and money: seven thousand human lives and forty-three million dollars. It assails the mighty Andes, winds up and up their forbidding slopes, undaunted by mountain, gorge, valley or precipice, climbs on and up in spite of nature's most formidable barriers, rising three miles in less than one hundred, and finally pierces

the great divide by tunneling through Mount Meiggs at a height of fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea level, from which it started. At the present time there are only three passenger trains a week from Lima to Oroya, slow trains, too, and not arranged for tourists' comfort and pleasure, compelling travelers to stay over night at a miserable place in the mountains and then to take the long ride down again next day; so my strenuous husband learned that La Favorita, a curious combination of engine and coach, using Peru petroleum for fuel, could be obtained for special parties, and he forthwith engaged it at an extravagant price. And the very next day after our arrival in Lima, having no time to invite friends to accompany us, we started on what seemed a most perilous trip, feeling very much excited and important and pleased to have a special train all to ourselves. Of course La Favorita had an engineer and his assistant. It was an ideal way to go, for we could stop and start at the hours we pleased, lingering as well at the many interesting points along the way.



CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, LIMA

From the time the low plain between Lima and the foothills is crossed it is one continuous, toilsome, wonderful climb toward the heights. One feels the masterful, undaunted mind of the engineer at every step. It is usually called the greatest piece of engineering in the world, though we know wonders have been accomplished elsewhere and greater things are yet in store. It is certain that nothing more daring has been attempted than the Infernillo, the "Little Hell" of the Oroya. Its name gives one an idea of what a ticklish place it is. Here is a point that seems impenetrable. The huge mountains narrow to a gorge, whose straight sides rise sheer for thousands of feet above the dashing Rimac. The narrow opening is tortuous, and you might throw a stone across it. What a doubly awe-inspiring place it must have been before the opposite mountains were pierced by the tunnels, for it is here that the railroad, coming up through a winding tunnel in the solid rock, crosses the bridge that hangs above the tremendous gorge and plunges into another tunnel again immediately. We stopped on the hanging bridge over

the cavern and had a magnificent view from it up and down the gorge. When you go through the tunnel that pierces Mount Meiggs, the Galéra Tunnel, it is called, the middle point is the highest on the road, fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty-five feet, the waters from its eastern entrance flowing toward the Atlantic, from its western toward the Pacific Ocean. All about are great glaciers and mountains of snow. These mountains are rich in minerals and where exposed are beautifully tinted in many colors. You know the meaning of the Indian word Andes is "mountains of copper." The Rimac River, which empties into the ocean at Callao, is not a large stream; a part of the year it becomes quite dry, but at others it is a mad, foaming torrent, which has cut a deep pathway in the rocks on its long descent from the summit of the Andes. The following of this river offered the only route for the railroad. It leaves it of necessity only when its descent is too abrupt. The railway winds and twists, loops over itself, skirts breath-taking precipices, tunnels no end of times, passes over several hanging bridges with the rapid changes



BRIDGE OVER THE RIMAC, LIMA

of a cinematograph, and see-saws back and forth up the mountain steeps in what is called the V system.

Mr. Meiggs in his lifetime carried the road only as far as Chicala, I believe, but it now goes down the east slope as far as Oroya. Oroya is no place in particular, just a mining settlement as yet, and the road must be built still farther before through traffic of any sort is opened up and made profitable. When the road is extended into the coffee-growing regions and from there to the waterways of the Amazon, the Atlantic will be connected with the Pacific in this part of South America. Now you can only finish the gap on mule-back by narrow, dangerous and precipitous trails, then through the jungle to the navigable tributaries of the Amazon. A gentleman living in Peru told me he had a son over in the Amazon district, beyond the Andes. Their letters are exchanged back and forth by way of New York, though they are really only a few hundred miles apart. From this side they go to Panama, then to New York, then to Para, on the Amazon, then up the river, taking three months in all!

We spent the night at Matucana, going from there on to the summit and making the return journey the next day. At intervals we would give chase to some llamas and my heart would be in my mouth from the great danger to them and to ourselves. At other times we would meet them, laden with ore, coming down from the mountains and using the railway as a convenient though treacherous path.

The weather was perfect, and we did not suffer much from the dreaded *sirroche*, or mountain sickness, as many do. It is often a serious matter and recovery from it is slow. The altitude causes excruciating pains in the head and back, nausea and sometimes hemorrhage. My pulse was quickened, my breath came short, and my head felt a bit dizzy, but F—'s pulse was beating as steadily as at sea level. By the time we got down to Casatalca I had a severe headache for about an hour, but it passed away and I arrived at Lima at half-past eight in remarkably good trim after such a long, trying journey. La Favorita is a bit rough, noisy, too, and also smelly of the petroleum. The Indians (Cholos)



LA FAVORITA

who are born and grow up in the mountains are the only men who can work at the elevation of the big smelter at Casatalca, twelve thousand feet. The Bockus and Johnston's smelter it is, and Mr. Guyer, the manager, knows some old friends of ours. It pleased F— to see a calendar of his firm lying on Mr. Guyer's desk. Think of finding it at that height in the Andes!

I must tell you that the latest news from Chili gives an account of a terrible loss of life in the Uspallata Pass, over which we came a short time ago. Fourteen people lost their way in a heavy snow-storm and were frozen to death. It was too late in the season for a safe crossing.

From first to last our visit in Lima has been charming and marked by several social events of interest. You remember Mr. Beauclerc, the British minister to Peru, our fellow passenger on the Mapocho. It is strange to learn that he was in Hong Kong while we were all there four years ago. Soon after we arrived in Lima we received an invitation to dine with him and his daughter. We were secretly rejoiced to have a taste of food not flavored with onions or garlic. Mrs. Beau-

clerc is in London with her younger children, and the oldest daughter remains here with her father, a beautiful English girl, five feet eleven inches, a perfect Du Maurier type, and only seventeen years old. She was in school in Brussels several years, and though so young, she fills the rather trying place of hostess remarkably well. The dinner was an elegant affair, beautifully prepared by a French cook and beautifully served, with no end of wines. Mr. Beauclerc paid me a pretty compliment by having my name on the menu, "Glace Delight." My left-hand neighbor at the table was a most agreeable young Frenchman. The other guests were the German minister with an unrememberable name, an interesting woman from Washington, D. C., who now resides in Lima, a Mr. V— and Mr. and Mrs. Ahers. Mr. Ahers is a correspondent of the *London Times* and was married about a year ago to a wealthy and handsome American girl. Mrs. Ahers was dressed in black, which I learned she was wearing for the queen. She wants to sell her place near Lenox, Massachusetts, and go to England to live!



CAPTAIN GUYER AND STAFF

Mr. Dudley, our American minister, entertained us at a very elaborate breakfast with the same guests and a few more added. Mr. Dudley is a fine American, the sort of man who represents us with dignity in a foreign land. Would that we had more representatives like him! I had the honor of going out with him to the breakfast, so felt "quite proud and haughty," as Blanche R— used to say. The Dudleys have an attractive home with a beautiful garden, but Mrs. Dudley is now in Evanston, Illinois. I notice that many of the wives are away from here, so I judge they do not like South America for a residence, nor would I. I grow to have more and more sympathy for the expatriated.

Oh! I have so many things to tell you of Lima, the old Spanish city, but I have not the patience to write them all down, besides a book might be written about Lima alone. Its narrow, cobblestone streets, its old houses with beautiful carved wood balconies, its curious cathedral, showing the bullet marks of a recent revolution; its old adobe-walled university, founded in 1508; its hall of deputies, with its tales of assassination;

its convents, its missions, its art collections, as well as its fine public gardens, its street lights of the present day and its active business interests!

I want to make your eyes stand out with an account of what we have seen in the pawnshops of Lima. Pawnshop visiting is quite the fashion here, for since Peru has lost her rich nitrate and guano beds, which made many of the Peruvians so fabulously rich, many rare and fine things have found their way into the pawnshops. I'll tell you how I accidentally stumbled on to one in the shadow of the archbishop's palace in Lima. 'Twas a dingy little hole in the wall. What dazzling strings of diamonds the little faded proprietor swung before my eyes! You shall hear of a purchase F— and I made, but 'twas not a diamond necklace. Such a quantity of old silver in the market, too. They let it stay dingy and it looks like tin, but it is really pure silver and sells by weight. I bought some little religious placques in silver that are characteristic of the place.

I can not write of everything, but I shall have to make a fresh chapter of my first, last and only sight of a bull-fight.



TUNNEL ON THE OROYA RAILWAY

CHAPTER XII

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF A BULL-FIGHT

There is not a more interesting city in South America than Lima—Leema, as it is always called, where the soft Spanish vowels are known—Pizarro's City of the Kings, with its strange rainless climate, its flimsy yet substantial-looking houses, its quaint balconied streets, its black-eyed *Limeñas*, their pretty heads wound in the sober *manto* and usually going devoutly on their way to the endless churches; its stirring history, that runs back to the Spanish conquerors, and weaves in the thread of the ever-romantic story of the lordly Incas. History starts from the paving-stones, as it does in Paris.

Lima, lying in the shadow of the great Cordilleras of the Andes, with the breath of the twentieth century blowing but faintly upon it as yet, takes one back a hundred years or two from United States standards. Parenthetically,—I

wonder why we, of the United States, have come to call ourselves Americans and the American People, as though it designated our nationality, when there are no end of other Americans of many colors and tongues almost from pole to pole. When we travel abroad we have to be more explicit, and it is amusing to notice, though it's perhaps no more than natural, that south of the equator they give us a Roland for our Oliver and we occupy second or third place as Americans!

Lima is picturesque and charming. When one has made the round of the churches, and the latter-day public buildings, of which the citizens are justly proud, visited the Senate and thrilled over the dark horrors of the Inquisition that once took place in that historic building, gazed admiringly at the statue of Bolivar the Liberator, in the plaza (Boleever he's called!), dulled a trifle one's charmed interest in the fascinating silver and old jewelry in the shops and pawnshops, there remains the bull-fight to be seen. Bull-fights, as every one knows, are often heard of but seldom seen, and have much of the attraction



ON THE OROYA RAILWAY

that hovers around harems, and joss houses, and moats and dungeons, and other things distinctly un-United States. But bull-fights are every-day matters, Sunday matters rather, in Peru, and such is the elasticity of conscience, that, far away from home, one forgets for the moment that one has been properly brought up, and wishes to see one!

Bull-fighting is the national sport in Peru, and Peru and Bolivia are the only countries in South America, I believe, where it is allowed; I speak of the fights to the death, where the bull is killed. "It could not be stopped here," I heard an Englishman say, "it would cause a revolution immediately," so it must have a strong hold among the people. The bull-fighting of Peru has sufficiently gory features, I am sure, but it is much less cruel and bloody than the fights in Spain, where the men fight the bull from horses, miserable worn-out old hacks which they purposely allow the bull to gore, making no effort to save them. I doubt if I could witness such a fight as that. In Peru there is a bit of exciting play with the bull by the horsemen at first, but they are

soon withdrawn and the horses are never injured. The bull-ring in Lima, inaugurated by the Spaniards in 1768, is one of the largest in the world, being about two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and can accommodate, when crowded, ten thousand people. The large size of the ring is really a disadvantage to the fighters. It tires them out to make such long runs and they dislike it. Some of the men are Spanish, some natives, and bull-fighting is even in favor among amateurs in Lima. There is a young Englishman who fights a bull admirably as an amateur sport.

This particular *corrida* that we saw was given as a benefit for the French fire company and was pronounced the best of the season, the bulls being good fighters and the attendance large. The fire companies in South America are volunteers from among a very good class of men, and these French *bomberos*, who were scattered about in gay uniforms, lent a very pretty touch to what is really a picturesque scene. The advertisements had announced that the fight would begin at half-past three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and that six bulls would be killed. Some of the shop win-



STATION ON THE OROYA RAILWAY

dows had displayed photographs of the bulls browsing quietly in an open field all unconscious of their doom. A gaily-painted booth in the Plaza de Armas also called the attention of the public to the event and solicited attendance. The bulls were curiously named—Smoke, Fire, Terror, Alarm, Water and Tranquillity—why Tranquillity I can not imagine.

We had accepted the invitation of a kind English friend, Mr. E—, to occupy a box with him, and our American minister, Mr. Dudley, was to make a congenial fourth. So on Sunday morning I opened my eyes with that agreeable feeling that the day was to be an eventful one. I was to see a bull-fight! Conflicting little sensations ran up and down my spine, for I dreaded to go quite as much as I wanted to go, while gruesome curiosity was drawing me as a spider does a fly. "Why did I want to see it at all?" I give you that woman's reason—Because!

The day of a bull-fight is a good deal like circus day at home, the same pleasant titillation of excitement in the air, the same small boy who wants to go and hasn't the price of a ticket. At

three o'clock we drove away from our hotel, crossed the Plaza de Armas and made our way toward the old bridge known as the Stone Bridge, which crosses the Rimac. This venerable bridge of Chorrillos granite, which has the solid handsome lines of an old Roman structure, was built by order of one of the Spanish viceroys in 1608, and stands to-day, in spite of the attacks of earthquake and flood, offering the same quaint arched path to the wayfarer that it did a hundred or two hundred years ago. We found many other carriages bound in our direction and, driving past the Alameda de Acho, a long green avenue of as fine trees as you will find in Lima, we arrived at the bull-ring.

The open place in front of the new Balta bridge was filled with people. There were many booths about where they were selling red *chicha*, instead of lemonade. The crowd was moving toward the ring, which stands in a space that has been closed about with buildings and is reached through several entrances from the neighboring streets. The ring itself is built in amphitheater fashion, the entrance to the seats and boxes being



BRIDGE ON THE OROYA RAILWAY

through little doors on the outside. Those who occupy places above climb to an outside circular balcony, from which the doors lead in. On the ground floor there is a circle of curious low boxes which give the inmates barely room to stand. The only windows are long, narrow, horizontal slits, through which one peers directly into the ring. The contest must look doubly exciting from this place on the ground, where the bull and the fighters are often within touching distance of the spectator. I was told that the devotees of the sport go there. We mounted to the more fashionable upper tier of boxes, little compartments up under the roof, where there was a circle of well-dressed folk in French costume.

Look about with me! In the large circle below us are the people, a great crowd, largely men, with the Panama hat much in evidence, and occasionally the head of a woman, swathed in the black *manto* of the country, a somber nun-like head-dress, with here and there the uniform of a *bombero*. Over above the band-stand, where the band is playing a lively air, with a click of castanets that gets into one's toes, is the president's

box, draped in red and gold. Romaña is there with some of his cabinet and watches the fight like a man of wood, showing no excitement if he feels it. A bull-fight perhaps seems a tame affair to a South American president. The late-comers are taking their seats. The big crowd is expectant, waiting, with its eye on the box of the judges opposite.

I studied the bull-ring proper curiously. It is a big sandy circle, open to the sky. There are the wide wooden doors through which the bull is to come. Directly facing it are the doors through which the horsemen are to appear. At intervals around the ring are low wooden screens, painted in harlequin colors, with narrow openings at the sides and in the middle, which are meant to save the fighter when pursued by the bull. A high step also runs around the ring on which he may climb, at a pinch, to escape the bull's wicked horns. In the center is a small square of stout poles, set a little apart, into which he can also slip, leaving the baffled animal outside. This may sound like considerable protection, but it is really very small, for the ring is large, especially so, I am



OLD SMELTER AND GRAVEYARD ON THE OROYA RAILWAY

quite sure, when an enraged bull is very close behind.

Suddenly there is a signal. The band begins a marching step as the fighters appear—the *cuadrilla*, as the company is called. They form a square and march around the ring, while the crowd waves and shouts applause. The *cuadrilla* makes a brave array. First, the leader, Manuel Corzo, known as Corcito, “the little Corzo”; then the *espadas*, called also the *matadores*, the swordsmen who give the skilful death-blow; then the *banderilleros* and *capeadores*, who plant the *banderillas* and wave their gay cloaks to enrage the foe; then the *capeadores de á caballo*, the mounted fighters who receive the animal as he dashes into the ring; and, following them, the gaily-caparisoned four-in-hand, whose duty it is to drag away the fallen, vanquished bull. The *espadas* and *banderilleros* wear the Spanish costume, that has always a touch of Andalusian romance: a velvet jacket and knee breeches, richly embroidered in tinsel, colored stockings and flat black slippers. On their heads they wear an odd black cap with a Spanish pompon on either side.

Their hair is drawn into a comical knot behind, from which a flat black ribbon dangles. The horsemen must be a Peruvian evolution, for they wear broad-brimmed Panama hats, and their shapely little horses have the handsome braided and silver-mounted bridles of the country. The saddles have the big carved wooden stirrups as well, while down the horse's back runs a diamond-shaped flap of carved leather.

There is a murmur of recognition among the crowd. "Corcito! El Rubio! Fosforito!" we hear them say, each fighter having a pet name by which he is known. "Ah, Chaleco! Oye, Chaleco!" and a burst of applause, for it is Chaleco, the lithe, the daring, who seems to be the popular favorite. With what easy grace he steps, acknowledging the compliments by showing his white teeth in a smile. Now the procession has made the round and withdraws to one side. There is a scramble among the hangers-on in the ring for the honor of taking care of the bright capes which some of the fighters discard, while Chaleco runs over and stops under the president's box. What is he going to do? To dedi-



BRIDGE ON THE OROYA RAILWAY

cate the first bull to the president, if you please, as a mark of especial esteem. I was too far away to catch Chaleco's words, but enjoyed the rare grace of his gestures as, cap in hand, he made his little speech. Then he tossed his cap high into the president's box and ran back quickly to take his place.

A bugle blew. A single *capeador* cantered over toward the wooden doors toward which we had been furtively glancing, from time to time. He is to go through the little ceremony of "receiving the bull," as it is called, a position which none of us envies him. His horse plunges about nervously. He evidently knows just what is going to happen, but whether he is enjoying himself or is inclined to flunk, I can not tell. The doors swing back and out rushes the bull. His temper is evidently already upset. He makes straight for the horseman, who deftly turns aside, flaunting his red cape before the bull's eyes. He turns angrily and makes for him again, and again, and again, the rider escaping his charges each time by what seems a perilously narrow margin of space. It is a daring, pretty feat. The bull is a powerful

black and white animal and his horns look ominously sharp.

The bugle blows and the horse canters away. The second act of the tragedy is about to begin. The bull paws angrily, looking from one to another of his tormentors. The little company of fighters edge toward him, always on the alert to save one another, to protect the man who dares the bull's wrath. As they wave their cloaks he runs first at one and then at another, but they spring aside as he charges heavily toward them, or run for safety to the screens. El Rubio runs forward. In each hand he has a wooden stick, about a yard in length, gaudily decorated in colored tissue paper. In the end is a cruel barb. The bull charges toward him. You hold your breath. It seems he must get him. "Oh, he has him!"—but no, at the last moment El Rubio leans forward; with a quick thrust he plants a *banderilla* on either side of the bull's fat neck near the shoulders, and like a flash springs aside, not an instant too soon to save his skin.

It is well done! The *banderillas* both stick and there is a flash of applause. The bull raises his



EXTERIOR OF BULL-RING

head and strides on toward another foe, who is waving the hated red cloak. The *banderillas* flap against his neck and little streams of blood flow from the wounds, but blood is what the people want. Again a less skilful hand plants the *banderilla* in his neck. Only one sticks this time. A third time the effort is made. Now he is barbarously decorated for the slaughter. He drags the cloak of the last *banderillero* half-way across the ring on the tip of his horn, so close he was to impaling the man himself.

Now comes Chaleco with his easy, commanding stride. Every muscle of his shapely body is on the alert, no doubt, but he shows perfect composure, a superb daring. The bull glares at him for a moment, as if astonished, then he darts for him. "Oh, Chaleco! Jump! Jump! Save yourself!" you feel like screaming. But no, Chaleco has the agility and the nerve to spring, at the last possible moment, coolly aside from the maddened animal. It was just far enough to escape him. The dust flies up in a cloud, but you see that he is safe. There he stands, barely a step away from where he was before, calm, erect, smiling at the

cheers, while the stupid bull has gone on, diverted by another enemy. If you are not made of ice your heart beats fast. Truly it was well done. "Bravo, Chaleco!" and you find yourself clapping your hands! The bull, the ethics of the sport are forgotten. It is the skill, the daring, that attracts. There are those who say that bull-fighting is not dangerous. From the outside of the ring they pronounce it child's play, but I venture to say they would not accept an invitation to change places with Chaleco. These attacks and escapes are sometimes too thrilling for the novice to watch. Several times I turned my head, finding the excitement too great a strain. Once Chaleco stood for some seconds facing the angry bull, his feet set together, not four feet away from him. Another time he turned his back on the furious but puzzled animal and walked coolly away, while a hushed "Ah!" of admiration and appreciation came from the crowd.

The bugle blows again. This is the last act. The bull is doomed. The *matador*, the killer, takes the stage. The little company circle around him, the gay colors of their costumes making a



EMPTY BULL-RING

bright touch in an intense picture. They edge always toward the bull as he goes about the ring, scattering if he attacks them, but coming cautiously back again. The *matador* has thrown away cap and cloak. He looks repressed, intent. The noises in the crowd die away one by one. In his left hand he holds a red cloth mounted on a stick; in his right, a sword. Several times he angers the bull with the flag so that he charges, but the *matador* springs away. He does not strike. "Kill him, Corcito!" the crowd cries, "Good boy! Kill him!" The bull charges again. Are you anxious to know just how he struck him? Forgive me that; that I can not tell you. I did not once find the courage to look when the *matador* made the thrust. When I looked again the bull was running about the ring with the sword buried deep in his back, between the shoulders. The hilt and a part of the blade stood out and dark crimson blood was pouring down his glossy neck. It was not a death blow, alas! They waited a moment to see if the blow were vital, but it was not. Three times they had to give this first bull the sword-thrust before he

died, and he fought them to the last. I breathed a sigh of relief when I knew that he was gone. As soon as he dropped a man ran out and gave him the *coup de grâce*, though I suppose he was already beyond suffering, severing the spinal cord at his neck with a small instrument. He lay there a moment, a limp, pathetic heap, while some boys quickly tore out the *banderillas*, as souvenirs, I suppose; then the *Arrastradores de Caballo* (!), (who get their names on the program at the bottom) came in with a grand flourish to take him away. The bull's head was lashed to a low two-wheeled drag, and a hook being fastened to this, the four horses hauled him out at a gallop, making a great sweep around the circle at full speed. The first of the six bulls was done for, and we had seen a bull-fight!

The *matadores* ran over to the president's box and bowed low, while a shower of coins fell in the ring around them. Then they all marched around, the crowd cheering lustily, many throwing their hats ahead of the procession, the men picking them up and tossing them back again. This pulse of the crowd is one of the stirring



NATIVE PERUVIANS

features of the fight. They follow it so closely, are so impassioned. My heart was dancing with mingled feelings, interest and repugnance each having a place, for bull-fighting is a sport like another where skill and daring call for admiration, and is undeniably exciting. The bull represents a certain dangerous force to be overcome. His rights, more's the pity, are not considered. I appreciated in a measure the fascination, for while I was there the cruelty of the struggle did not affect me as it did afterward, when all the gruesome details stood out clearly, and the horrid wounds in the poor creature's throat and the flowing blood haunted me.

But like other things of which we hear hair-raising tales, bull-fighting turned out to be rather less dreadful than I expected. For one thing, the bull is in the ring much less time than I thought. The third bull, El Fuego, who was a quick, dangerous fighter, was killed six minutes and a half after he entered the ring. It seemed incredible when we heard the time—we had lived an hour!—but Mr. Dudley assured us that he kept careful account. The bull ran in at 4.08, at 4.10 the

horsemen retired, from 4.10 to 4.14 the *capeadores* played the bull, and at 4.14 the *matador* killed him. It was a strange and awesome thing to see the great creature die. The first blow went straight to the heart, only the little red hilt of the sword showing against his hide. He stood, breathing heavily, then took two or three staggering steps, blood gushing from his mouth, and fell down dead. If these bulls suffer keenly they do not show it. They do not bellow or writhe, so let us hope, for their sake, that their taking-off is as merciful as the one they would meet at the hands of the butcher. They fall into his hands, anyway, let me whisper, as soon as they leave the bull-ring. Bulls are heavy, unsympathetic, stupid creatures. Better kill a bull than a deer. The effect most to be deplored is that on the spectators, to whom this sight of blood and death can be nothing but debasing.

We sat in the bull-ring a scant hour and a half, and in that time six bulls were killed. One bull was cowardly. He would not attack either horses or men, thereby unwittingly prolonging his life. "*Al corral,*" they shouted, meaning to take him



ENTRANCE TO LEGISLATIVE HALL, LIMA

back to the pen. The method of getting him out of the way was amusing. The doors opened and three steers came galloping in, followed by some cowboys on horseback. Sir Taurus lifted his head and sniffed the air. In these strange and bewildering surroundings he recognized some old friends and ran over to them. Then the cowboys rounded them all up and drove them out in a bunch.

The appetizing lunch that was served to us in one of the intervals had a distinct local flavor. *Papas con ají* and *chicha* was the bill of fare. The *papas amarillas*, yellow potatoes, that one finds in Peru are as good-flavored as they are golden, and covered with thin slices of peppers, lettuce, and, of course, onions, make a very pretty dish. I am sure a South American would miss onions from his food as we would miss salt. That onion savor pursues one from Panama to Cape Horn. San Lorenzo in Peru, it is said, is the home of the potato. *Chicha*, the national drink, is a pleasant beverage, red and sweetish, which is prepared from red corn. Just before the end of the last fight there was a great scuffling

and scampering over at one side. They were letting a swarm of small boys in to see the finish. Evidently these young folk are being brought up to enjoy the national game. The bull-ring is in the hands of the Beneficent Society!

When we returned to the *Francia é Inglaterra* there was a small boy in the upper hall. In one hand he had a little cane, in the other a red handkerchief. "*Toro!*" he shouted, waving his handkerchief and thrusting with his cane.

"Oh yes," said Madame Torr  , our plump and smiling little French landlady. "He likes to play the *torero*."

This is the bull-fight as I saw it, a fine Sunday afternoon in April, nineteen hundred and one. How clean-cut first impressions are! How much familiarity does to change them! Of pin-pricks of conscience I will not speak. The spectacle rolls now before my eyes, half as a dream, a bit of thrilling decadent sport, a picture not soon forgotten.



THE HALL OF DANGER

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE LAND OF PANAMA HATS

We are in the land of Panama hats—Payta to-day, Guayaquil to-morrow. The sky is cloudless, the sea a beautiful green, while the desert's sandy shore gleams a soft yellow-pink through a light haze. The big, green swells rock the Palena like a cradle. There is a chatter of Spanish, Italian and English outside my cabin and the microscopic bark of a microscopic doglet, who is on his small way to Genoa. We have several canary birds, too, as first-class passengers. The weather is beautifully cool. Yesterday the thermometer went down to sixty-five degrees. Think of it, the thermometer at sixty-five degrees in the region of seven degrees south latitude! At seven degrees, north, we shall be sizzling. The cool breezes of this part of the Pacific and the remarkably pleasant climate of the coast are due to the Humboldt Antarctic Current, which brings

a refreshing breath to this tropical land all the way from the far-away southern ice fields. The evening we left Callao the breeze was so fresh that the passengers were wearing their overcoats and jackets. The sun set gloriously that evening, dropping like a great red balloon into the sea, and sending rosy beams over the high chain of the Andes that lies just back of the coast. From the deck of the Palena we could look away back over the green valley of the Rimac and see the spires of the many churches in Lima. I wish that I might hear again the deep ring of its great Cathedral bell.

Next morning we awoke to find ourselves steaming past just such a barren coast as had greeted our eyes all the long journey up from Valparaiso. The minor ports on this west coast are as like as two peas, with scarcely a feature to distinguish them. The whole coast strip of Peru is a desert, except where the mountain streams from the Andes have cut their way down to the sea and so permit irrigation along their banks. The coast towns give no hint of the fertile, verdant valleys which lie beyond and between



CONVENT CLOISTER, LIMA

the ranges of the mountains. In these lowlands a great deal of sugar-cane is raised, cocoa and sugar being Peru's chief exports.

This afternoon, just after leaving Payta, we passed the most western point of South America, and with a glass could see the many derricks that dot the oil fields of Payta. The venders of Panama hats came aboard, and, though we dickered with a bleary-eyed old Indian for a while, we decided to wait for the greater choice that we can have in Guayaquil. A number of Guayaquil passengers came aboard who had been down to Payta taking the sea-baths.

The early morning finds us in Guayaquil. While we slept the Palena has threaded her way thirty-five miles up the broad Guayas River from the coast, and now lies opposite the city, the chief port of this land of Ecuador, in English, the Equator. We rubbed our eyes in astonishment when we first stepped out on deck. What an amazing transformation! Yesterday evening we left a barren shore, cool breezes, clear skies; this morning the sky is full of watery clouds, the air is oppressively warm and everything is sticky

and damp. The banks of the broad river are beautifully green and luxuriant and clumps of tall cocoanut palms fringe the sky. The Guayas River, the largest on the Pacific side of the continent, into which many of the small tributaries of the Andes flow, is a mile wide at Guayaquil, making a harbor for the largest of the Pacific steamships. The water is muddy and thick, but from the river Guayaquil looks like a clean, well-built city of marble and stone, stretching along one busy street and rising to the wooded hill in the rear.

It looks inviting, but when you go ashore the disillusionment comes. The artistic stone and marble palaces are but ornamented stucco buildings, framed of timbers and joined and fastened in a way to make them yielding, then lathed with bamboo and coated with cement. In the earthquakes, which are so frequent here, they sway and bend without collapsing. The rows of arcades and balconies along the street El Malecon look rather like Shanghai. The Guayas rushes by in a muddy flood, bamboo poles and logs floating on its surface—quantities of little



CATHEDRAL, LIMA

green islands that have been washed away from the verdant shores.

Before noon rain was falling, the first that we have seen since we left Buenos Aires, many weeks ago. The falling drops look most refreshing, yet we are not content. It is so humid and hot and oppressive that we ungratefully wish ourselves almost anywhere else. Distance certainly lends enchantment to the tropics. They are so beautiful to look at, so lovely to dream about and so uncomfortable to live in. What a blessing the changing seasons are to us! This monotonous, enervating tropical heat is fatal to energy and buoyant health. It is appropriate that the most noticeable building in Guayaquil is a hospital. Fever claims hundreds of victims every year. There are no sewers, malarial smells are everywhere and the death rate is appalling.

The old market house and the shops on either side of the principal streets were crowded with merchandise of all sorts, a confusion of wares being hung up in every available nook, quite like the bazaars of the Orient, in their crowded stuffiness. The sidewalk venders added to the general

muddle of untidiness and dirt. The crowds of people, as usual on this continent, were of all shades of color, from black to white.

Running the length of El Malecon was a small railway for hauling freight to and from the docks and warehouses. Business seemed to be flourishing. At the postoffice we examined a list of the mails from Guayaquil to Quito with interest. It takes five days by coach and mule to go from this principal port of Ecuador to the capital, though the distance is only two hundred miles. Quito lies almost directly on the equator in the great tableland between two giant ranges of the Andes. A cluster of snowy peaks surrounds it and the scenery is said to be as fine as any found in the Andes.

No, according to a well-established precedent, Panama hats do not come from Panama. They are as thick along the northwestern coast of South America as fezzes are in Turkey, but they are all made in Ecuador and Peru, principally at Payta, and the best market for them is Guayaquil. We had carried Panama hats on the list ever since we left New York, but we found our-



THE PALACE, LIMA

selves as babes in the wood when it came to buying them. They run in price all the way from twenty cents to one hundred and fifty dollars. The poorest of them are neatly woven and the fine ones are really wonderful. It seems incredible that it could cost one hundred and fifty dollars to weave any straw hat, but Doctor Lopez, a Guayaquil acquaintance, paid that for one which he sent to the Paris Exposition. At his office we saw one which cost one hundred dollars, truly a marvel of the weaver's art. Even under the microscope, the texture seemed to have the mathematical perfection of machine-turning on a watch. Such a hat is made only by the most expert of workmen, and he can work at it only in the early morning and in the evening for a few hours. In the middle of the day the air is too dry to turn the straw so perfectly. You must have patience if you want to possess a treasure like this, for it takes months to fill an order. The straw is obtained from a long grass of the country, and the hat is plaited from the center of the crown outward, over a wooden form. What a world of patience it must take to turn and turn

the strands so carefully while the hat slowly grows.

The general effect of the hats is much the same, with their low crowns and rolling brims, but a comparison quickly shows the difference of the quality and grain, and one quickly grows to be appreciative. The dealers have them piled in great stacks, doubled and flattened out so they fit inside one another. With a deft pinch and a roll, they open them out in quick succession before your eyes, and it is safe to say that by the time you have seen a couple of dozen, you will be bewildered. What a time we had before we finally selected our three! With the piles to select from, and fit, shape, quality, size and becomingness to consider, it became a question for the wisdom of Solomon. We almost lost our minds over them. The hats are unlined and unribboned, and you know the wretched little dealer is trying to sell you a twenty-dollar hat for forty if he can. He is like Mahomet, the rug dealer,—as honest as he can afford to be. But the three we bought grew even handsomer and increased in value as we brought them toward home.



A STREET IN LIMA

While we were buying hats and the unmatched hammocks of South America, the Palena was taking on eight hundred tons of cocoa-beans, a very valuable cargo, most of it on its way to chocolate-loving France. The natives who handle the heavy bags are powerfully developed fellows. The cocoa-bean is the seed of a tropical fruit. They put it wrong end first in Spanish and call it cacao. The inside of the bean furnishes the well-known chocolate, and the hull makes the cocoa. The beans look much like lima beans with a reddish brown skin, and the dark brown center has a nutty and slightly bitter taste.

One of the luxuries along the west coast is the delicious honey we find made from the sap of certain palms as we make our maple syrup. F. F. P— throws caution to the winds and eats great quantities of it for all the world like a greedy boy.

The English colonel is with us again, and he and the captain are sitting near as I write, poring over stamps. I believe the stamp fever is increasing instead of abating. The captain has just given me the handsome Chilian dollar stamp.

How good it will be to stretch our legs, as the English say, at Panama.

Poky is the only word that describes our progress northward. Ten days from Valparaiso to Callao, eight days from Callao to Panama, and then about three weeks more from Panama to San Francisco. With the Atlantic service it could be done in about one-third the time. Early morning arrivals seemed to be the order of the day on the Palena, and the morning of the eighth day from Callao found us in the harbor of Panama. What a time we had hanging round, as F— calls it, while boxes and bundles and bales were hoisted on and off! As our old darky Jerry used to say, it got to be “monopolous.”

How pretty Panama looked from the harbor, its red-tiled roofs standing out against the rich tropical green! The coloring in the tropics is enchanting. The landscape is as riotous in tints as the plumage of the birds and the petals of the flowers.



A CONTENTED MILK PEDDLER

CHAPTER XIV

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

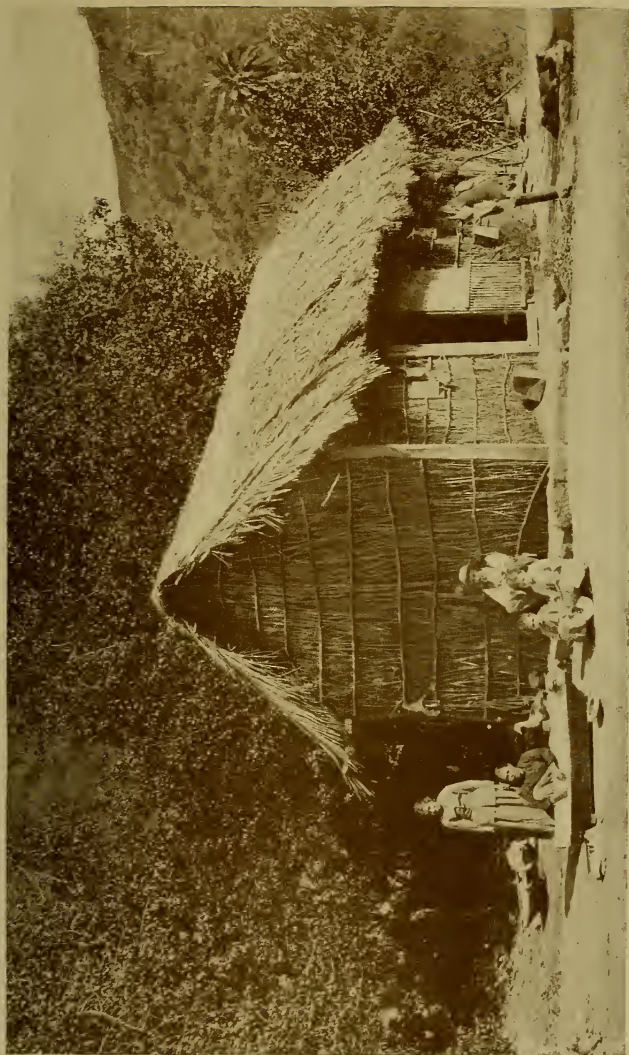
It all depends on the point of view. If you should run down to the Isthmus direct from New York, especially in midwinter, and exchange, almost magically, a nipping frosty atmosphere for the moist breath and waving palms of the tropics, no doubt you would be struck by the strangeness of the conditions there, the people and the climate. But we had come all the long way up the coast from Valparaiso, and even before that our path lay in a long and winding circle from New York, so a panorama of many nations had passed before our eyes, and, curiously enough, we found the Isthmus home-like! There were the Jamaica darkies, speaking English, and that was sweet to our ears; there was the Hotel Washington at Colon, and the Fourth-of-July saloon!

I can imagine that some people would not ap-

prove of Panama. It is dirty and hot and smelly, with suggestions of yellow fever and kindred creepy things, but the narrow, irregular streets, where the balconied buildings almost nod together, are quaint and interesting. You have the pleasant feeling that you are making explorations as you go about; and you may even find ruins in Panama, picturesque and crumbling walls that suggest the abbeys of England, for the city is old and historic. The cathedral and churches are interesting, too.

May is winter in Panama, called winter by courtesy because it is the beginning of the rainy season. We find it oppressively warm, with the humidity very high and the thermometer at 85. There is usually a fresh breeze, however, and warm, heavy showers fall frequently.

From the deck the passengers had picked out the entrance to the famous canal, and we made our way to the shore on a tug, passing between the lines of buoys that mark the channel, already partly dredged. The entrance lies a little above Panama and the railroad connects the two. We steered toward the company's big pier. The tide



NATIVE GRASS HUT, PERU

was so low and the pier stood so high out of the water that we had to be hauled up in a cage-like elevator, dangling like flies, while our lives literally hung by a thread. This is less humiliating, however, than being hoisted in a barrel to the ship's deck, with a row of gaping passengers hanging over the rail, rather wishing for a little excitement! This latter is the common fate of passengers at many ports on the almost harborless west coast.

It is only forty-five miles from ocean to ocean by the railroad, which runs rather unexpectedly from northwest to southeast. My recollection of geography, as taught in the grammar grade, led me to think that the Isthmus would naturally be cut square across, from east to west, but I had forgotten the crook. The route lies through the jungle, and it is a popular saying that in building the railroad a life was lost for every tie in the track. The difficulties must have been enormous, though one hardly realizes it now. One has to peer into the thick tangle of the swampy forest, a network of palms, trees, ropy vines and creepers, that most of the time crowds to the track's

edge, to realize what it means to blaze a way for the iron horse in a tropical wilderness. De Lesseps fought the desert sands at Suez, the dark jungle at Panama.

There are a number of towns along the way, now inhabited entirely by the blacks and a few Chinese. The native house has walls of bamboo poles and a thatch of palm leaves, a picturesque affair that harmonizes with the jungle, but, alas, corrugated iron, that is making ruthless attacks against the picturesque all over the world, is finding its way here. The route of the canal is practically the route of the railroad, so one has almost constant and interesting views of the famous attempt at canal making, though it is difficult to judge the value or extent of what has been done. The vegetation quickly creeps over the earthwork, and the ditch, as it would be better called now, soon fills with loose washings. It is plain that something has been accomplished, however, and at Culebra, the backbone of the low mountain range, where thousands of men worked for years, a huge wedge has been taken out. It looks at this point as if a hopeful proportion of



AN ISTHMIAN GIRL

the excavations has been made. We heard stories of dredges set up and fraudulent excavations made, entirely off the route of the canal. The men who had commissions on supplies ordered them by wholesale, whether they were needed or not. The waste and mismanagement were colossal. Now everything is decay and desolation. The hundreds and hundreds of chalet-like houses built by the company, which dot the hillsides all the way, are for the most part empty and boarded up. They are all set on piles which lift them well above the ground. Many of them were never occupied. Their rotting verandas and shutters are dropping away. The negroes have taken possession of a few of the most convenient ones. Expensive dredges are left to fall to pieces, quantities of dump-cars, rails, and bridge materials lie in rusting heaps. One sees line after line of locomotives that have never been fired. The lies and deceptions and cruel losses that lie back of this strange state of affairs make the rotting ruins a melancholy spectacle. It is a lasting disgrace to the French. There are many graves along the way, too, that remind one vividly of

the great number who have met death in this far-away land.

The wonderful Cordillera which runs from the north to the south of the Americas is visible even on the Isthmus, for there is a central ridge from which the country slopes in either direction to the sea. The lowest point in the whole range lies here, so this seems the natural place to attempt to force a passageway from ocean to ocean.

The railroad ascends the course of a small stream on the Pacific side and descends the valley of the Chagres to the Atlantic. The pretty scenery of the Isthmus was a surprise. There are many wooded hills around which the rivers wind, taking the railroad along an almost continually curving course. Everywhere is luxuriant green, and all over the lowlands is the fascinating, beautiful, unhealthful jungle. A little strip has been cleared on either side of the track, and here and there attempts have been made to cultivate bits of ground, but the jungle closes in like a green sea, tangled, impenetrable. Palms and bananas and bamboo are abundant, and we



HOTEL WASHINGTON, COLON

occasionally saw the handsome head of a splendid tree, the gramalota, which rises on a lofty trunk and spreads its green branches like a monster umbrella. One of these monarchs of the jungle escaped destruction in the clearing for the railway, and you might almost reach out and touch its great trunk as you pass. It was under this beautiful tree that one of the surveyors of the railroad died, and it stands as his monument.

The darkies who inhabit the little settlements along the line live in the most primitive fashion. They offered us many strange fruits for sale. One looked like a huge cranberry, with a lima bean on the end for a stem. The flesh of this fruit felt exactly like a clam, but it tasted like a crab apple! The oranges are sugar sweet. One is warned against the danger of eating fruit by the very cautious, but it is worth while to take one's life in one's hands occasionally, to eat a good mango.

We had to remind ourselves that we were in a new country, the Republic of Colombia, with Bogotá for capital, when we saw squads of soldiers drilling; such sorry-looking soldiers as they

were, unkempt and ununiformed, the pawns in the game of revolution. There was skirmishing in the neighborhood, but it is a question whether any one knew what the fighting was about. Bogotá is farther away from Panama than New York, I believe, in point of time, certainly in point of convenience.

It seemed strange to see the posterish red and black signs of the Chinese shops along the way, with their spidery, almond-eyed proprietors sitting inside, as calm and inscrutable as they are in China. Most of the Chinese who were imported to work on the canal could not endure the climate at all. They died like flies. One of the stations along the way is called Matachin—dead Chinaman. People tell awesome tales of the old days when the yellow fever raged and claimed its victims by the thousands, when gold flowed like water, and men gambled and drank and schemed for fortunes in the face of death. The Panama lottery formerly had drawings of twenty-five thousand dollars each week. Sarah Bernhardt came out to Panama and played for five nights there to crowded houses, with seats at ten dollars



CATHEDRAL, PANAMA

gold. It was a mad dance they tripped till the bubble burst.

Colon, formerly called Aspinwall, which is at the Atlantic end of the railway, is little more than a railroad town. The poor suburbs are as bad as anything I have ever seen. The people live in squalid houses that are raised only a few inches above the marshy ground, and surrounded by stagnant and slimy pools. Ugh! how dreadful it is, in that miasmatic region! The poor souls are the riffraff of humanity, an unruly crew from far and near, and the Board of Health loses no sleep over them. Many of the good buildings put up in the town when Colon was to be the metropolis of the Isthmus have been destroyed by fire, against which there is no protection. What are left are ragged and untidy or worse.

Over in the part called Cristobal Colon, the quarter nearest the entrance of the canal, is a fine curving avenue of cocoanut palms, which shade some attractive houses. These palms have a curious effect. The trunks dart up at every angle and end in a plummy burst of verdure, like so many green sky-rockets. Along the sea-beach is a line

of valuable concrete blocks, which were to have been used in dam building, but were finally dumped there as a breakwater. The so-called palaces of the De Lesseps, father and son, at the end of the avenue, are large, handsome frame houses, of a Swiss type, with overhanging roofs and wide verandas. One is closed and emptied of the handsome furniture it once contained, the other is occupied. The sky is bright blue, the sea laps lazily, the palm trees drone in the light breeze, but the air is moist and hot, with that irritating stickiness that makes one forget all one's blessings, so I did not envy the dwellers in Cristobal Colon.

The Hotel Washington, which lies at the opposite end of Colon from the avenue of palms, dates back to the completion of the railroad in 1852. It has a distinct charm. The verandas of the rambling old building close around a triangular garden filled with palms, and beyond you look out over the Caribbean.

As I sat on the veranda, an old colored man came sidling up, and, smiling by way of introduction, asked me if I wouldn't like to have him



HOUSE OF FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, COLON

get me a cocoanut from the tree. These negro servants came from Jamaica, and it was a great pleasure to hear again our language, with that peculiar soft inflection of the negro's voice. Negroes and Chinese who speak Spanish only are among the curiosities of South America. I told the old black fellow that I would like very much to taste a green cocoanut, and looked about for a bit of silver to save him from disappointment, also warning him not to fall and break his neck before my eyes. He went up the tall tree like a monkey and soon began to drop the cocoanuts, which hung in clusters around the base of the leaves. They came down with a plunk which warned one against strolling absent-mindedly in a cocoanut grove. I suppose my wily darky knew all the time that these were too green to be good, but he adroitly planned to slip away before I made the discovery. A little later in the season the milk is sweet, refreshingly cool and nourishing, and the part which finally forms the nut is a palatable jelly, to be eaten with a spoon. While the darky hung in his airy perch, a white man crossed the garden. "Hi, Murphy," he called,

“save me a couple of them, will you?” I wonder where and how Murphy got his name.

Everywhere there were hints that home lay at the other end of the steamship line. We stood on the deck of the Alliance as she was ready to sail, and our heels fairly stuck to the boards when we learned that she would be in New York in six days. But we had chosen the long way round by San Francisco. If you are ever in Panama at the end of a long journey, think twice before you decide on the long way home.

If you hear that I am nearing home, I wish you'd engage all the laundresses in the vicinity for me. This living in trunks in the moist air and heat of a tropical country damages all one's good clothes, and we'll be in a sadly unwashed state when we reach our native land. Why does not some clever traveler invent a folding ironing-board in these days of collapsible furniture, one that would fit in a trunk? F— was a perfect joke before we got back from our railway journey across the Isthmus. He wore a white duck suit, which was not perfectly fresh when we started, and all the dirt seemed to fly to it and stick. We



LOADING BANANAS, CENTRAL AMERICA

were only gone from the ship two days, but he looked like a small boy who had been making mud pies, and I took my turn at teasing. It really did embarrass him, for he hates dirt and felt very uncomfortable in such a soiled suit of clothes. I told him that the sight of him like that was a great disenchantment.

Hooray! We're off for San Francisco to-day, and you'll get no further news from your chicks till we reach that port.

After all is said and done, the best part of a journey is the coming home. Home to our native land; home to our own state; home to our own city; home to our own books and pictures and dear familiar corners; home to those who love us and forgive us! How I wish that the Palena could just now take wings like the swift-flying sea-gulls in the air about us—be transformed by some magic into an air-ship that would float us toward home quickly and quietly. Who knows but our next long journey may be made in such an air-ship! Good-by, till you see us. Hooray! Hooray!

FEB. 12 1906





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